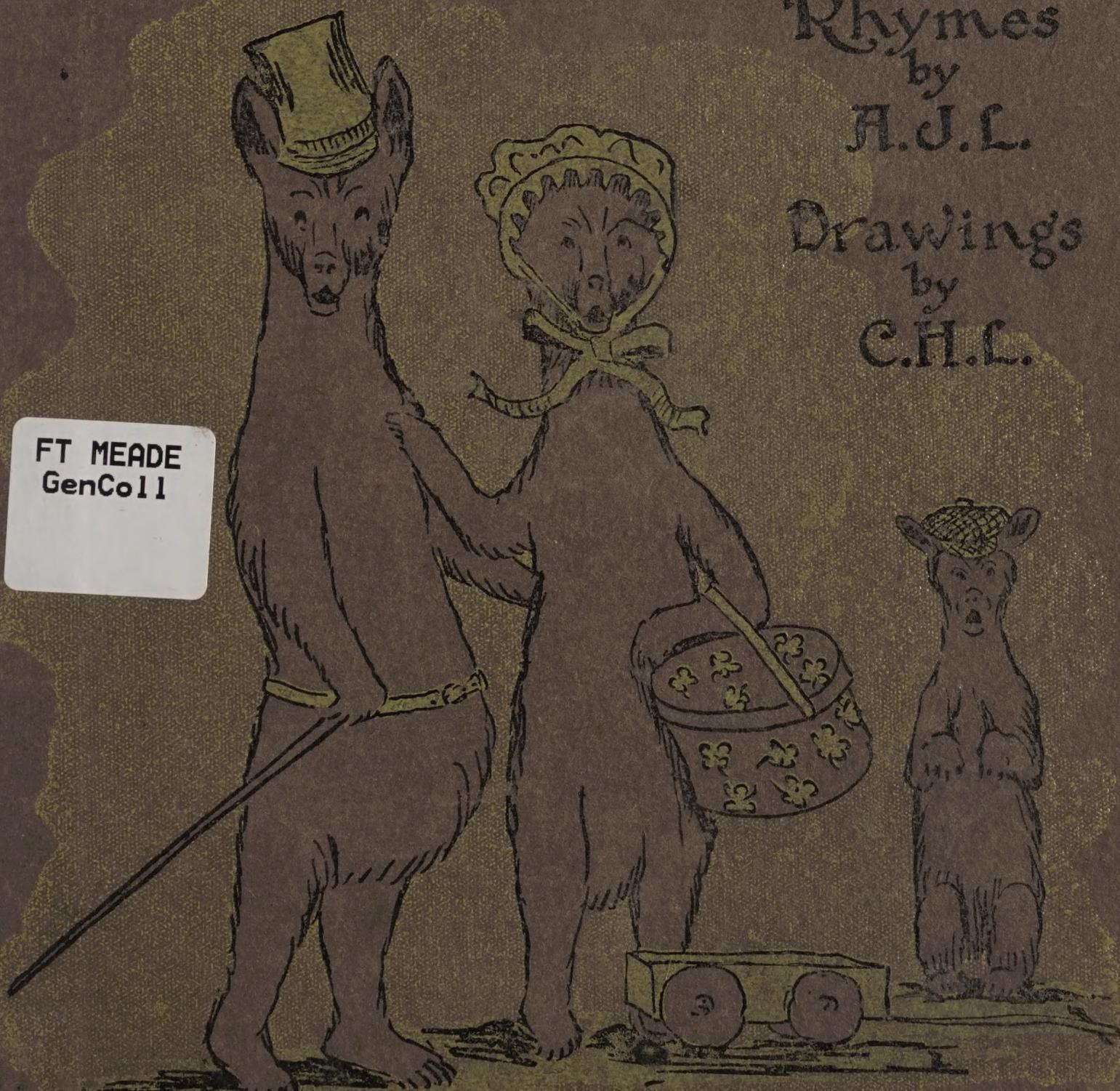


TALES and TAGS

Rhymes
by
A.J.L.

Drawings
by
C.H.L.



FT MEADE
GenColl



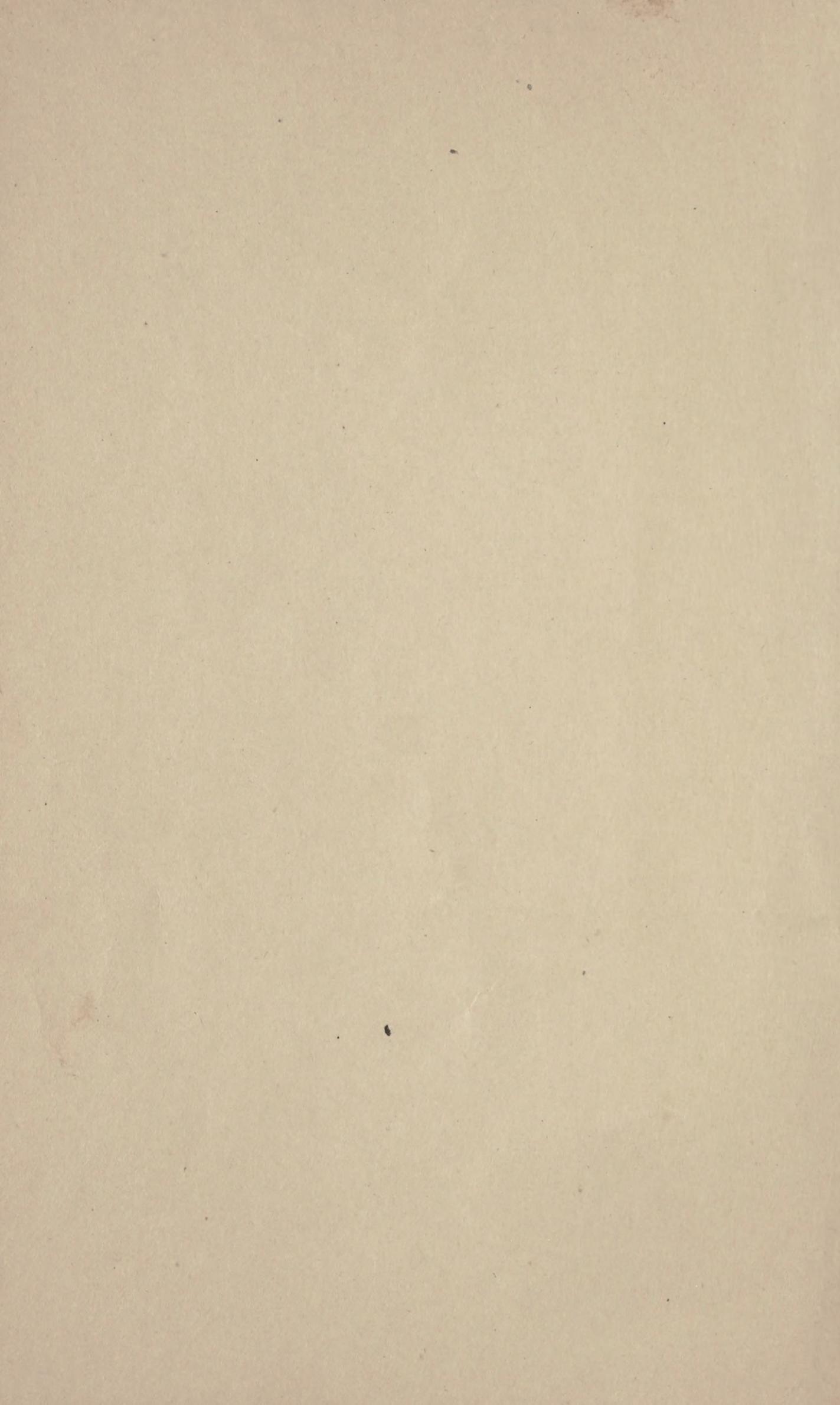
Class PZ8

Book .3

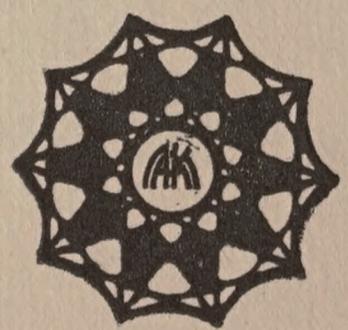
Copyright N^o L344

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

T



TALES AND TAGS





TALES AND TAGS

Rhymes

by

A. J. L.

Drawings

by

C. H. L.



NEW YORK
ALFRED A. KNOPF
1918



3
3
3
3
3

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY
ALFRED A. KNOFF, Inc.

PZ 8
.3
L394
T

DEC 19 1918

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

©CLA506942

no 1



TO
THE MEMORY OF
OLD COUSIN A.

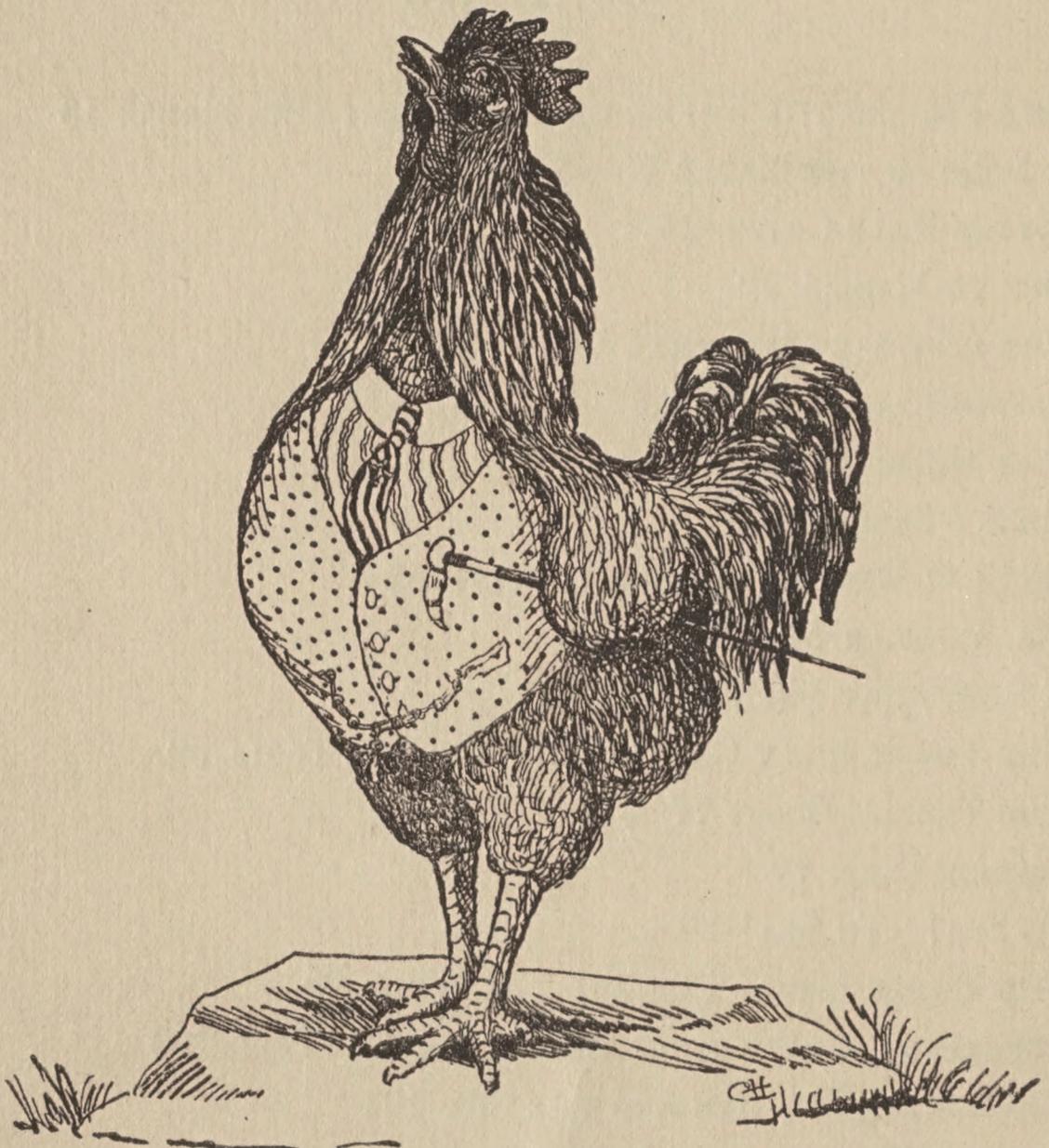
Old Cousin A. was a bachelor
Without any home of his own;
And he often came a-cousining,
For he didn't like living alone.
Such tales and jingles he could tell
And all without a smile,
He kept us children round him
And laughing all the while.
He never said, "Not now! Not now!"
Or thought us in the way
Or *too much trouble to have about,*
As some folks say;
But he was glad to play with us
And gave us jolly good times:
That's why to him we dedicate
This little book of rhymes.

A. J. L.

C. H. L.

CONTENTS

- THE PIG AND THE SHEEP, OR THEIR VERY OWN HOUSE 13
A SONG OF THE MAPLE WOOD 23
LITTLE HALF CHICK 25
OFF TO MADRID 32
THE CONTRARY WEATHER VANE 33
SLYFOOT AND THE THREE BEARS 35
THE METRICAL MORAL 47
HENNY PENNY 48
LINES IN MEMORY OF HENNY PENNY 55
MR. VINEGAR 57
A SOMEWHAT SOUR SAYING 68
THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF AND THE TROLL 69
THE TROLL'S ELEGY 77
JOHNNY-CAKE 79
TO SEA! TO SEA! 89
THE THREE LITTLE PIGS AND THE WOLF 90
PRECEPTS LEARNED FROM THE LITTLE PIG TALE 100
THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE FOX 101
O FOR A HOUSE IN THE LITTLE GREEN GLEN! 114



THE BEGINNING OF THE BOOK

THE PIG AND THE SHEEP, OR THEIR VERY OWN HOUSE

A PIG and a sheep, a pig and a sheep
Agreed to get them a house to keep,
A house, a house,
Their very own house!

“Let us build it ourselves,” said the pig to the sheep;
“I will root and root till the cellar is deep,
A cellar, a cellar,
A good deep cellar!”

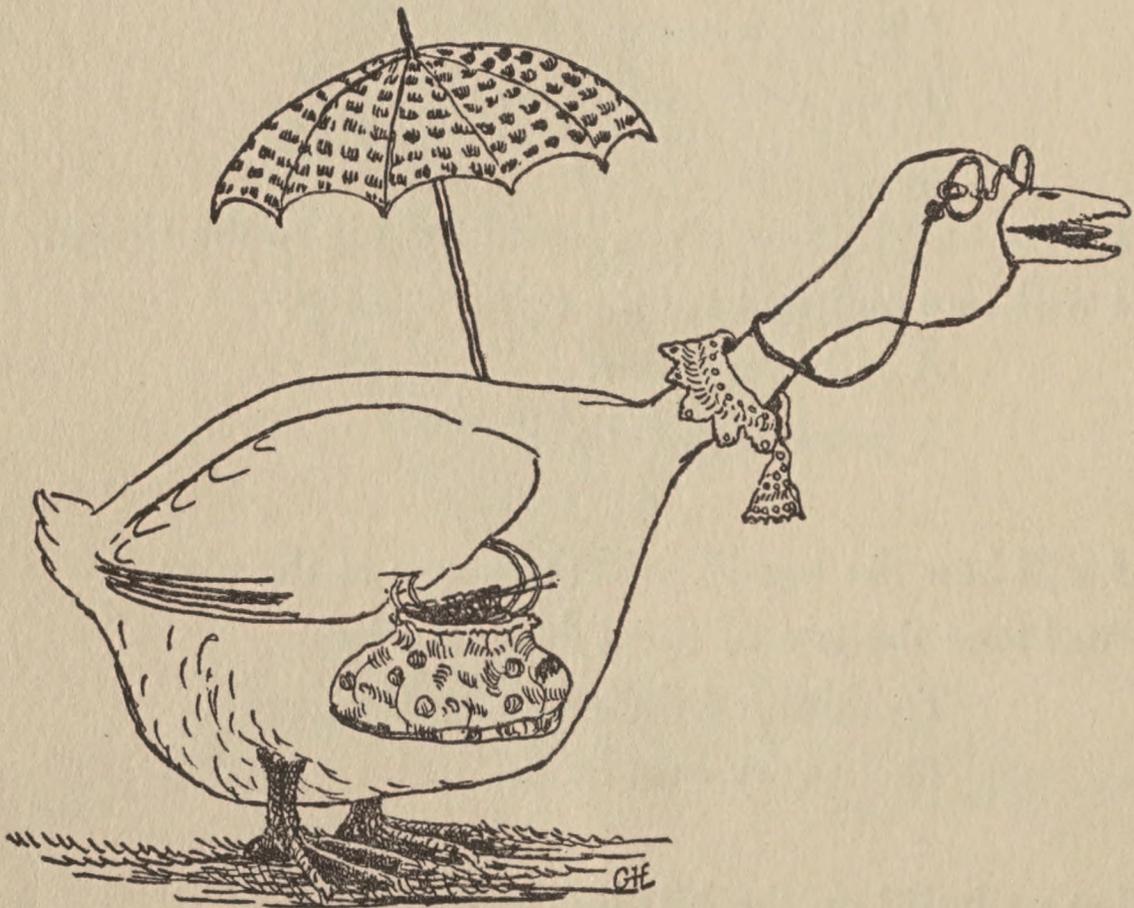
“I will hew the logs!” said the sheep to the pig;
And then the two of them danced a jig
To think of their house,
Their very own house.

“Let us build on the hill by the maple wood,”
Said the pig to the sheep. “Yes, that will be good,
By the maple wood,
By the maple wood!”

As they danced along through the grove of spruce,
They met on the path a wise gray goose;

“Good day!” said the goose,
“Good day!” said the goose.

“Good day,” said the pig; “Good day,” said the sheep;
“We are going to build us a house to keep
On the hill by the wood,
By the maple wood!”



“If you please, my friends, may I go along?
My wish for a home is very strong,”

Said the goose,
The wise gray goose.

“First, you must tell us what you will do
To help build the house,” said the other two.

“There is much to do,
Yes, much to do!”

“With my beak I’ll pull moss and stuff up the cracks
To keep wind and rain from off our backs,”

Said the goose,
The wise gray goose.

“That’s good! That’s good!” said the sheep and the pig;
And then the three of them danced a jig

To think of their house,
Their very own house!

As they danced through the pasture all bright and
sunny,

They met in the path a little white bunny;

“Good day!” said the bunny,

“Good day!” said the bunny.

“Good day,” said the goose, the pig, and the sheep;

“We are going to build us a house to keep

On the hill by the wood,

By the maple wood!”



“If you please, my friends, may I go along?
My wish for a home is very strong,”
Said the rabbit,
The little white rabbit.

“First, you must tell us you truly agree
To help build the house,” said the other three.
“It is work to build,
Yes, work to build!”

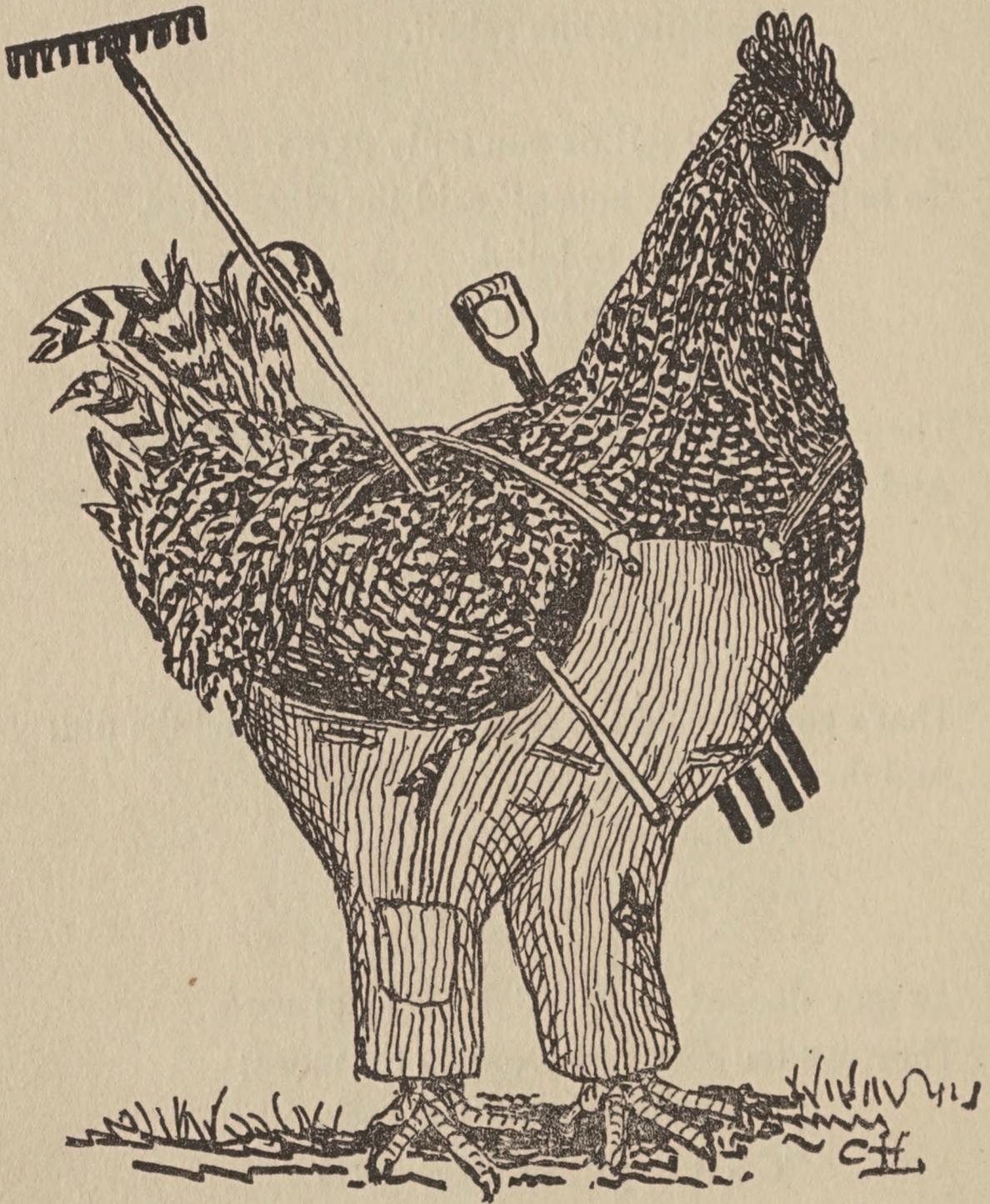
“The pegs for the walls with my teeth I will gnaw
And drive them in straight with my strong right paw,”
Said the rabbit,
The little white rabbit.

“That’s good!” said the goose, the sheep, and the pig;
And then the four of them danced a jig
To think of their house,
Their very own house!

As they danced along by the field of corn,
They met the cock that crows in the morn;
“Good day!” said the cock,
“Good day!” said the cock.

“Good day,” said the rabbit, the goose, pig, and sheep;
“We are going to build us a house to keep

On the hill by the wood,
By the maple wood!"



"If you please, my friends, may I go along?
My wish for a home is very strong!"

Said the cock,
The crowing cock.

“First you must tell us one thing more,
Can you help us build?” said the other four.

“It is work to build,
Yes, work to build!”

“If you let me join your happy band,
I will scratch and scratch and clear up the land;
And you won't need a clock,
I can crow!” said the cock.

“That's good!” said the rabbit, the goose, sheep and pig;
And then the five of them danced a jig
To think of their house,
Their very own house!

They danced along till they found a good spot,
Sunny and bright, but not at all hot,
By a spring,
A good, clear spring.

Then the pig began his promise to keep;
He rooted and rooted the cellar deep;
He worked very well,
O yes, very well.

The sheep hewed logs and put them together
And raised walls and roof to keep out the weather;

She worked with a will,
O yes, with a will!

Then the goose pulled moss with her good strong beak
And stuffed up the cracks till there was not a leak
In the roof or the walls,
The roof or the walls!

And the rabbit made haste the pegs to gnaw
And drove them in straight with his strong right paw;
He worked like a beaver,
A busy beaver!

And the cock scratched and scratched about the lot,
Till their place was one beautiful tidy spot,
All neat and clean,
Yes, neat and clean!

And when all was done so trim and trig,
Again the five of them danced a jig
To *see* their house,
Their very own house!

And there they lived in contentment deep,
The cock, the rabbit, the goose, pig, and sheep,
On the hill by the wood,
By the maple wood!

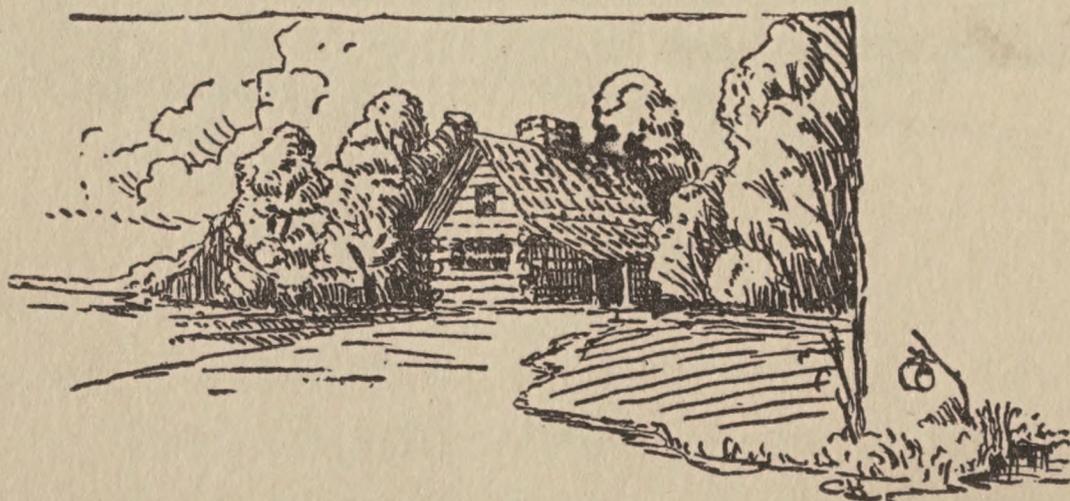


And every day before it was light,
The cock crowed and crowed with all his might
To tell of the dawn,
The rosy dawn!

“Cock-a-doodle-doo! Arise! Arise!
The sun is coming! This day is a prize!
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Arise! Arise!”

And here ends the story and here ends the song;
And may you live happy and may you live long
In *your* house,
Your very own house!

A HAPPY END.



A SONG OF THE MAPLE WOOD

OH, the maple wood is shady and clean
With clear, open places in between
The biggest trees; and that is good
When you want to play games
In the maple wood.

And down in the hollow, there is a spring
All bubbling up in a mossy ring
From the sand below; and cold water is good
When you've played a long time
In the maple wood.

Early in summer, wild strawberries grow
In the green pasture just below;
And is there anything quite so good
As a strawberry feast
In the maple wood?

Oh, yes, in the spring when they tap the trees,
In the first good thaw just after a freeze,
For then the sap runs,—maple sugar is good

At a sugaring-off
In the maple wood.

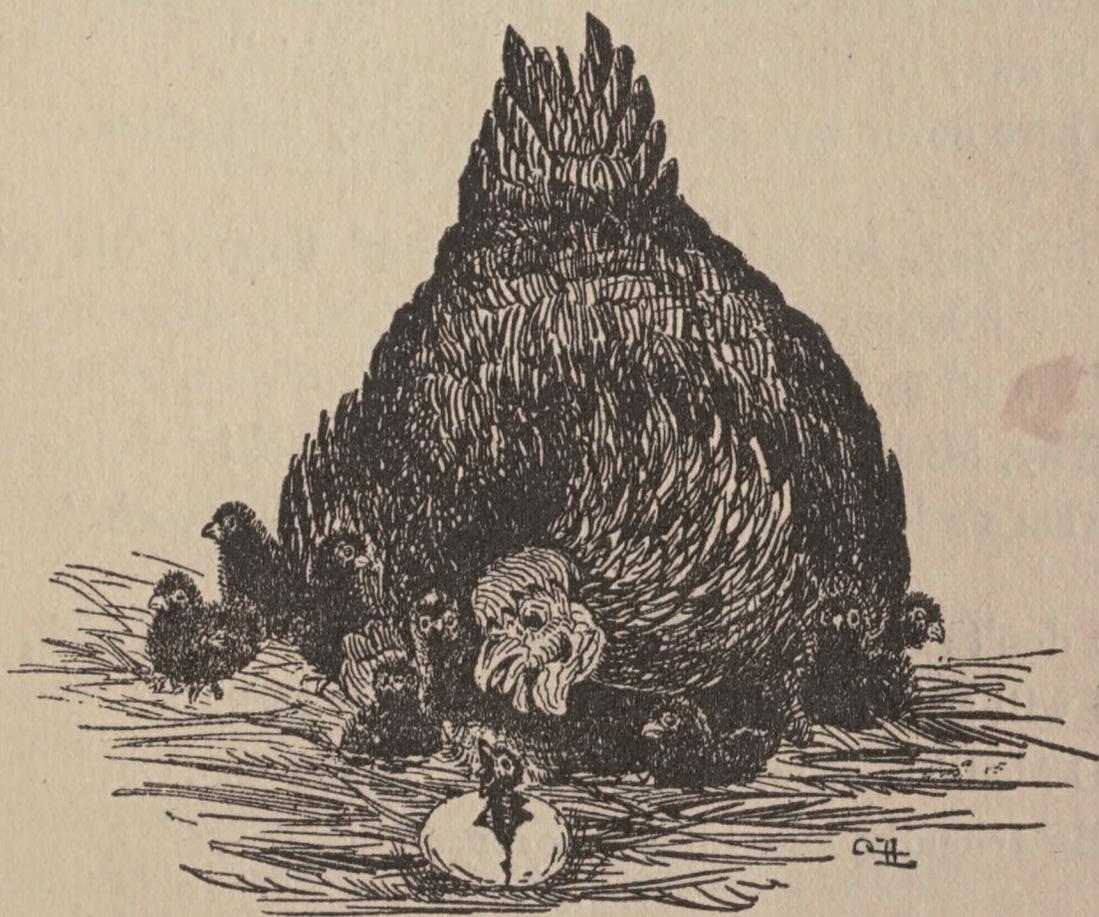
And then in the fall, the leaves turn brown
And yellow and red, before they fall down
In nestling heaps; and their rustle is good
When you take a walk
In the maple wood.

By the maple wood, on the southern side
Where the open country stretches wide,
You can see for miles! Oh, I would, if I could,
Spend half the year
By the maple wood!



LITTLE HALF CHICK

IN Spain, long ago, an old mother hen
Was hatching new chicks in a warm, cozy pen;
They were black like herself, all downy and fine;
And eight had pecked out,—there were to be nine.



She was proud of the brood and thought all was well,
Till the last little chicken came out of the shell;

He had but one leg,—you may guess he looked
queer,—

One wing, and one eye, half a beak, and one ear.

He was only half made, so she called him with pain
Medio Pollito, meaning half chick in Spain.

But his temper was whole, and he did not obey;

He was saucy and bold, and would have his own way.

When the mother hen clucked, and the rest would come
peeping,

This bad little chick would pretend to be sleeping,

Or away by himself would go hoppity-kick,—

There never was seen such a naughty half chick.

One day, he said, “Mother!” and flapped his one
wing,—

“I am off to Madrid to see the king.”

“Why, Medio Pollito, you give me a shock!

That’s a journey, they say, for a full-grown cock.”

“I don’t care! I don’t care!” said Little Half Chick,

“I will go!” and away he went hoppity-kick.

“O Medio Pollito,” called the hen to her son,

“Be friendly and kind to everyone!”

But her bad little child made believe not to hear,—

You remember he had but one little ear,—

And off down the road he went hoppity-kick,
On his way to Madrid, the naughty Half Chick.

In a while, he came to a brook by the way
That in a sweet voice called out to say,
“O Little Half Chick, lend me help, I pray!
Please move this rubbish out of my way.”

“Oh, I have no time to do a thing,
I am off to Madrid to see the king!”
Was the rude reply, as a-hoppity-kick
On down the road went the Little Half Chick,
Hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick!
Naughty Half Chick!

In a while, he came to a fire by the way
That in a weak voice called out to say,
“O Little Half Chick, lend me help, I pray!
Please give me the sticks you see by the way.”

“Oh, I have no time to do a thing,
I am off to Madrid to see the king!”
Was the rude reply, as a-hoppity-kick
On down the road went the Little Half Chick,
Hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick!
Naughty Half Chick!

In a while, he came to a bush by the way;
And the wind caught there called out to say,
"O Little Half Chick, lend me help, I pray!
I am caught and I cannot get away."

"Oh, I have no time to do a thing,
I am off to Madrid to see the king!"
Was the rude reply, as a-hoppity-kick
On down the road went the Little Half Chick,
Hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick,
Naughty Half Chick!

At last he got to Madrid and hopped
To the palace door, where of course he stopped.
It was only the back door, and who should be there
But the king's own cook out taking the air.

As soon as he saw Half Chick, like a shot
He threw him inside the king's soup pot.
The water in there was sloppy and chill
And it made poor Half Chick feel very ill.

He said to the water, "Oh, if you please,
Don't wet my feathers, you make me sneeze!"
But the water replied, "Back there on your way
You would not help me, and this is your pay."



The King's Own Cook and Little Half Chick

Pretty soon the fire down under the pot
Blazed up till the water was boiling hot;
And Half Chick spoke to the fire and said,
“Don’t burn like that, I shall soon be dead!”

But the fire replied, “Back there on your way
You did not help me, and this is your pay.”
And poor Half Chick into soup was turning
When the cook came back,—he had smelled something
burning.

He took off the lid to taste the broth,
But when he sniffed Half Chick, he gave a cough;
“This would never make soup for the king!” he cried,
So he opened the door and threw Half Chick outside.

The wind was blowing a regular gale,
And it lifted Half Chick like a boat in full sail.
“O Wind,” he cried, “don’t blow me so!
This isn’t the way I want to go!”

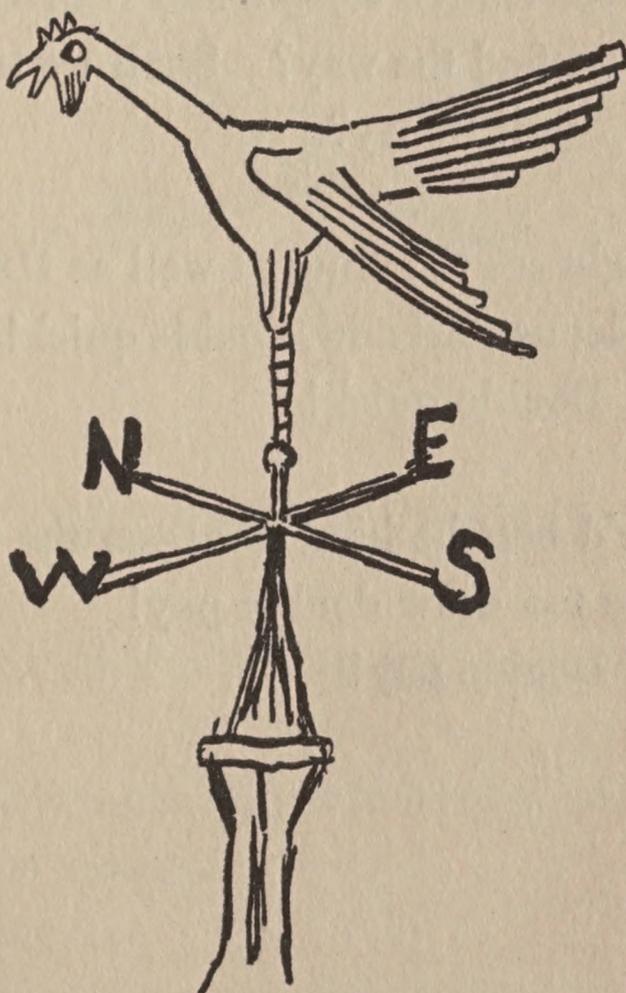
But the wind replied, “Back there on your way
You would not help me, and this is your pay.”
And over the roofs and the trees and the people
The wind bore him up to the highest church steeple.

And there he stuck fast by his one little leg,—
It was no use to fuss and no use to beg,—

For the wind turned him North, South, East, or West,-
Whatever way seemed to the wind the best.

And there Half Chick stands to this very day;
And the Madrid folk look up and say,
“Medio Pollito, will it shine or rain?”
You see they think he’s a weather vane.

A STRANGE END.



OFF TO MADRID

OH, to Madrid I should like to go!
Which is the way? Do you know?
Do you know?

To see the church steeple and Half Chick so high!
Could we find the way? Shall we try?
Shall we try?

We might see the King as well as Half Chick!
Come, let us start now, double quick!
Double quick!

But we'd best be kind to all on the way,
Lest we too draw double pay!
Double pay!



THE CONTRARY WEATHER VANE

ON my grandfather's shop was a strange weather
vane,
A man with a top hat and gold-headed cane.
He looked very queer,
He had but one ear,
And he did not tell the weather well;

When the wind was west,
He did his best
To point half way;
As if to say,
“You have made me queer
And fixed me here,
But I wish to make it perfectly plain
That I will be nobody’s weather vane!”

SLYFOOT AND THE THREE BEARS

THERE were three bears lived in a wood,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

There were three bears lived in a wood;
And all were black, and none was good,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

They lived in a castle very grand,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

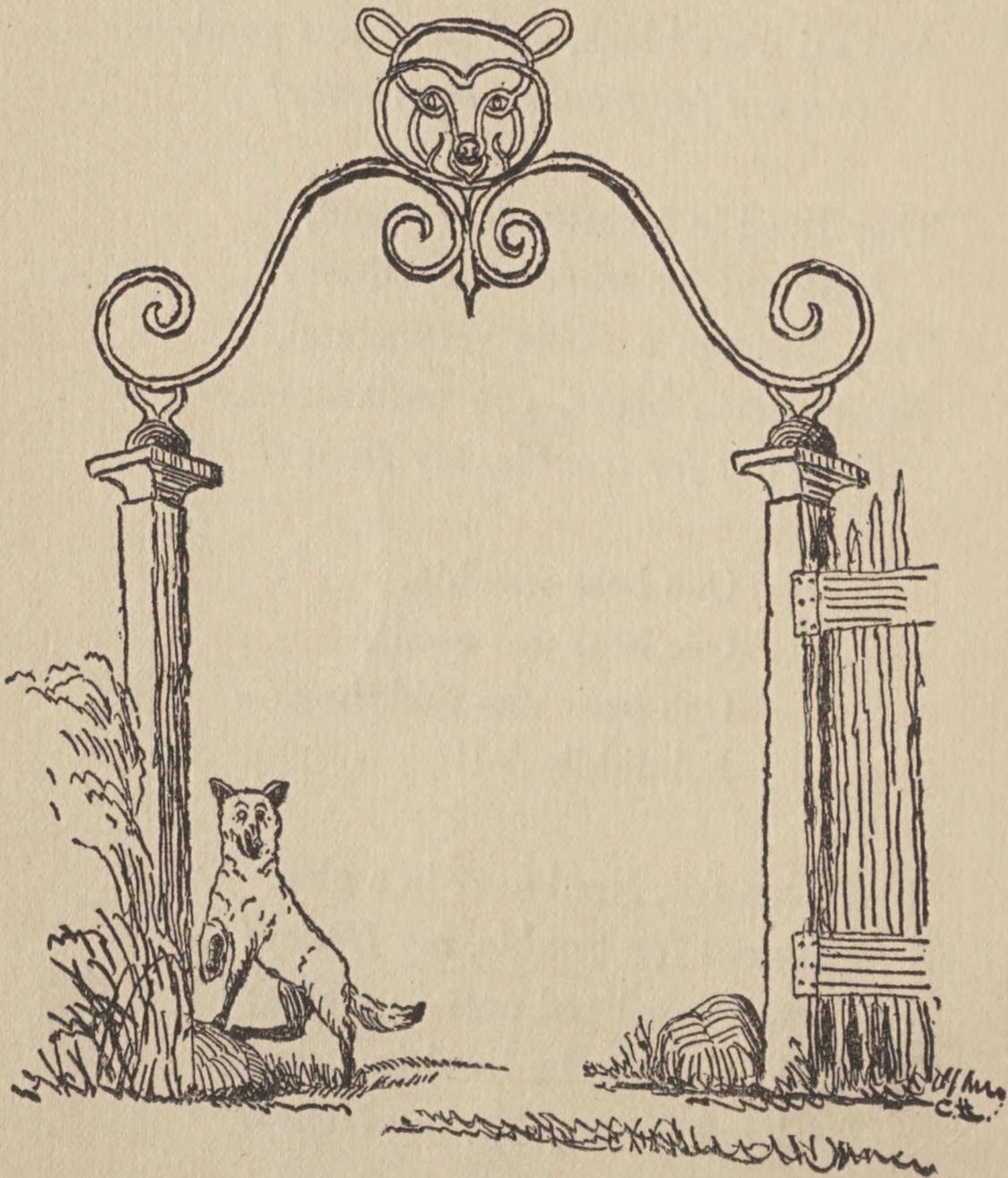
They lived in a castle very grand,
Not common bears, you understand,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

One bear was big,
One bear was small,
One bear was middling,—
Fol-diddle-dol!

Slyfoot, a fox, lived near in a glen,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
Slyfoot, a fox, lived near in a glen;
He had no castle, he lived in a den,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Now Slyfoot feared the bears all three,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
Now Slyfoot feared the bears all three,
But was cursed with C U R I O S I T E E,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

One day as he passed their castle gate,—
Look out for trouble. my Honey!



One day as he passed their castle gate,
He found it wide open, as sure as fate,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

He poked his nose inside the door,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
He poked his nose inside the door,
Then one front paw, and then all four,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

In the castle hall no bears he found,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
In the castle hall no bears he found,
So Slyfoot stood and gazed around,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

He saw a table with three bowls spread,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
He saw a table with three bowls spread,
The very bowls from which THEY fed,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

One bowl was big,
One bowl was small,
One bowl was middling,—
Fol-diddle-dol!

He sipped a sip from the big bear's bowl,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

He sipped a sip from the big bear's bowl,

And the porridge burned to his very paw's sole,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

From the middling bowl he took a taste,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

From the middling bowl he took a taste

And it burned him down to his very waist,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

From the little wee bowl he took a sup,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

From the little wee bowl he took a sup;

The porridge was cool, so he ate it all up,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!



Then Slyfoot saw three handsome chairs,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Then Slyfoot saw three handsome chairs,
There was one for each of those wealthy bears,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

One chair was big,
One chair was small,
One chair was middling,—
Fol-diddle-dol!

Slyfoot sat him down in the great huge chair,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
Slyfoot sat him down in the great huge chair,
But somehow he could not get comfy there,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

And then he sat in the middling chair,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
And then he sat in the middling chair,
But somehow he could not get comfy *there*,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Comfy, indeed, was the little wee chair,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
Comfy, indeed, was the little wee chair,
But IT FELL TO PIECES then and there,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!



Then Slyfoot sneaked up the great front stairs,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Then Slyfoot sneaked up the great front stairs,

And there was a bed for each of those bears,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

One bed was big,

One bed was small,

One bed was middling,—

Fol-diddle-dol!

First Slyfoot tried the big bear's bed,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

First Slyfoot tried the big bear's bed,

But found it much too high at the head,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

The middling bed he next did try,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

The middling bed he next did try,

But at the foot it was much too high,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

The little wee bed just right he found,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

The little wee bed just right he found,

And soon he was sleeping very sound,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!



While Slyfoot was napping all snug up stairs,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

While Slyfoot was napping all snug up stairs,

Hungry for dinner, home came the bears,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

One bear was big,

One bear was small,

One bear was middling,—
Fol-diddle-dol!



“Who’s been at my porridge?” the big bear growled,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“Who’s been at my porridge?” the big bear growled;
“Who’s been at *my* porridge?” the middling bear
howled,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“Who’s been at my porridge and eaten it all?”
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“Who’s been at my porridge and eaten it all?”
Cried the little wee bear with a little wee squall,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“And who has been sitting in my great chair?”
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“And who has been sitting in my great chair?”
In his great huge voice growled the great huge bear,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“And who has been sitting in my middling chair?”
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“And who has been sitting in my middling chair?”
In her middling voice howled the middling bear,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“And who has broken my little wee chair?”
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“And who has broken my little wee chair?”
In his little wee voice wailed the little wee bear,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Then very softly up the stairs,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Then very softly up the stairs
One after another crept the bears,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!



One bear was big,
One bear was small,
One bear was middling,—
Fol-diddle-dol!

“Who’s been in my bed?” the big bear growled,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“Who’s been in my bed?” the big bear growled;

“Who’s been in *my* bed?” the middling bear howled,—

OH! Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“And who’s in mine?” squealed the little wee bear,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“And who’s in mine?” squealed the little wee bear,

“O Pa! O Ma! See! See! He’s there!”

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“Let’s hang him at once!” the big bear growled,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“Let’s hang him at once!” the big bear growled;
“No, no! let’s drown him!” the middling bear howled,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“Throw him out of the window!” the little bear yelled,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

“Throw him out of the window!” the little bear yelled,
And fast by the tail the fox he held,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Then Slyfoot felt the big bear’s paws,—
Ooh! Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Then Slyfoot felt the big bear’s paws,
And then he felt the middling bear’s jaws,—
Ooh! Look out for trouble, my Honey!

They flung him out of the snug little bed,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
They flung him out of the snug little bed,
And then through the window, heels over head,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

He fell to the ground on a heap of stones,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!
He fell to the ground on a heap of stones,
And thought at first he had broken his bones,—
Look out for trouble, my Honey!

One stone was big,
One stone was small,
One stone was middling,—
Fol-diddle-dol!

Slyfoot gave each paw and his tail a shake,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Slyfoot gave each paw and his tail a shake,

And found them whole but full of ache,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Then home he ran to his own small den,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Then home he ran to his own small den,

And never went near the bears' castle again,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

One bear was big,
One bear was small,
One bear was middling,—
Fol-diddle-dol!

A PROPER END.



THE METRICAL MORAL

If a neighbor to bears, 'tis well, you see,—

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

If a neighbor to bears, 'tis well, you see,

To curb all C U R I O S I T E E !

Look out for trouble, my Honey!

Some troubles are big,

Some troubles are small,

Some troubles are middling,—

Fol-diddle-dol!

HENNY PENNY

ONE fine summer day, a hen, they say,
Was picking peas by the King's highway.

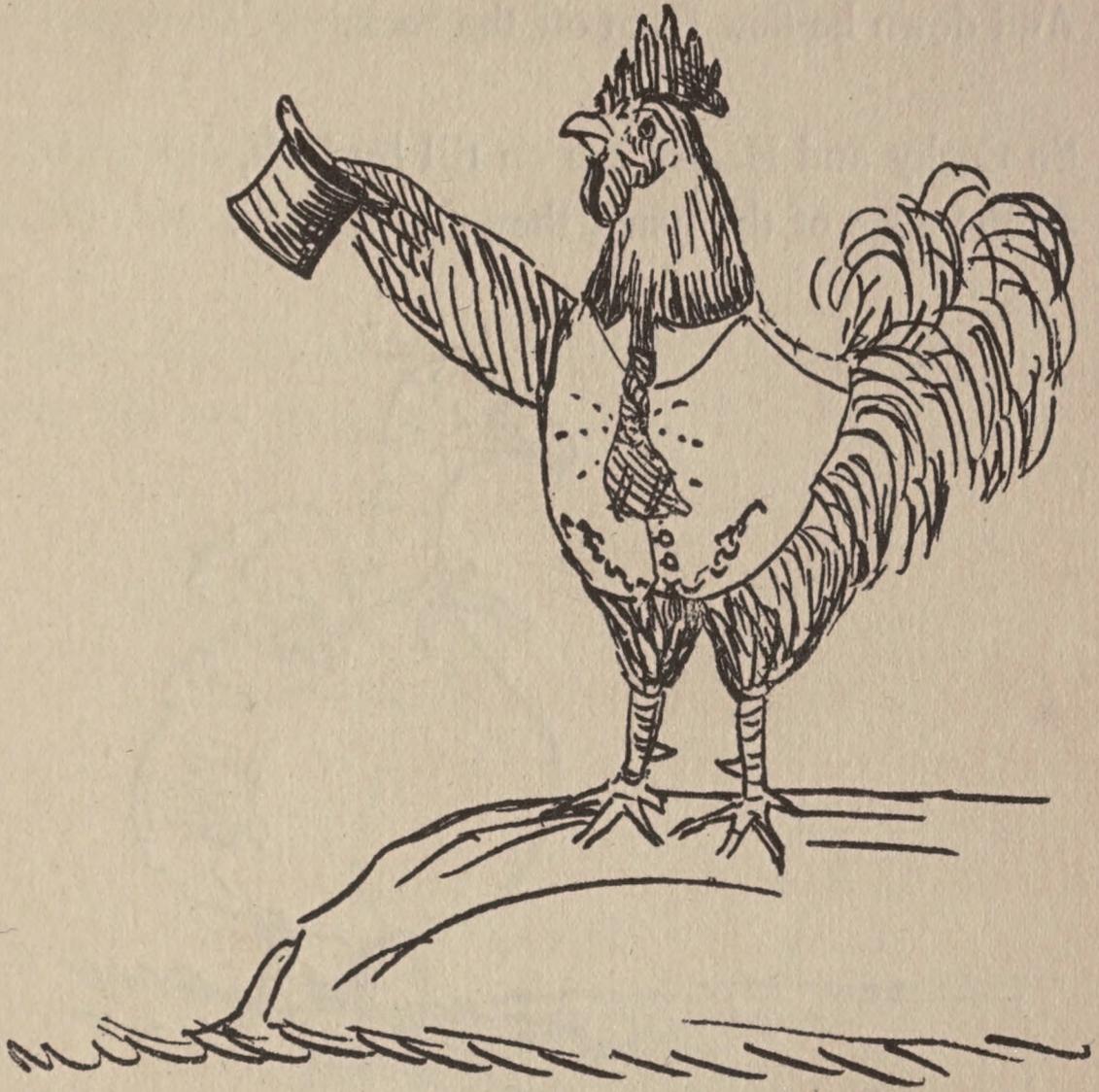
Of a sudden a pea came tumbling down
And hit poor Henny a thump on her crown.

"The sky is falling!" she cried, "O lawk!"
And then she flapped her wings with a squawk.

"I must run to the court to tell the King;
He will pay me well such news to bring."



So Hen Pen ran till she met a cock,
Crowing his best from the top of a rock.



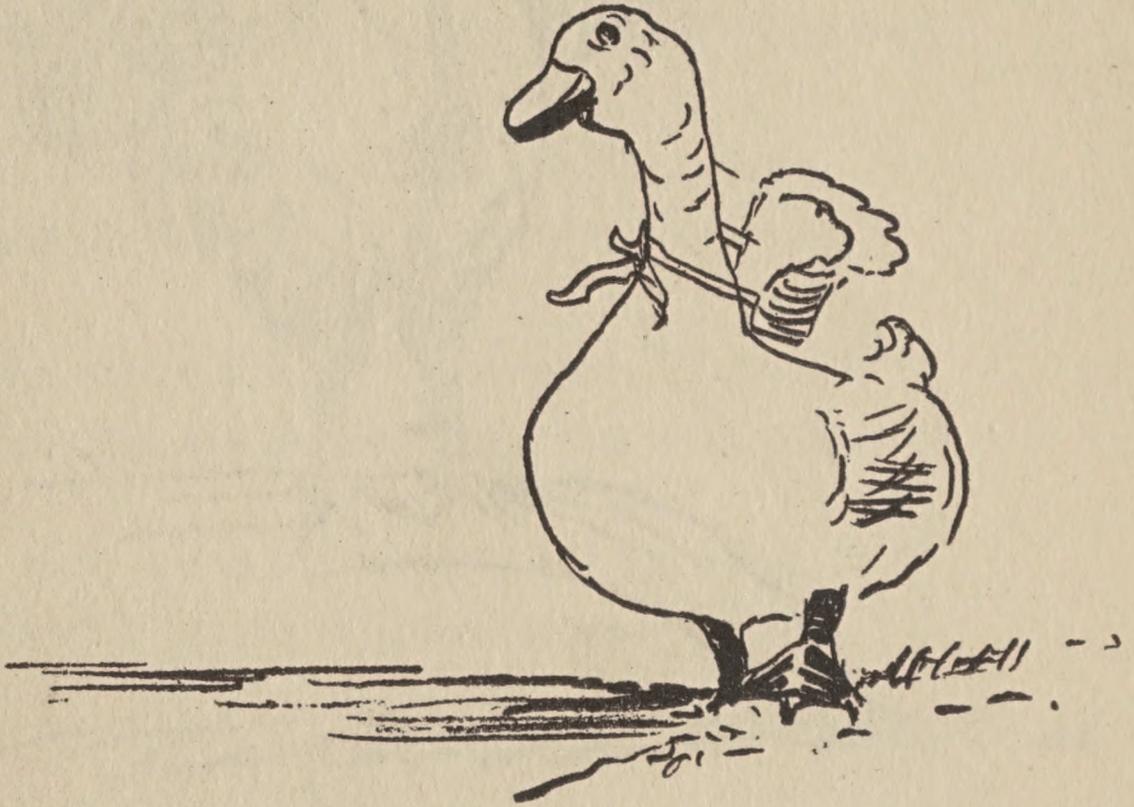
“Why, Henny,” said Cocky, “good day! good day!
Where are you running so fast away?”

“O Cocky Locky, the sky,” she said,
“Is falling down! Look out for your head!”

“I am off to the court to tell the King;
He will pay me well such news to bring.”

“Then I will go with you!” said the cock,
And down he flew from off the rock.

So Cocky and Henny ran on till by luck,
At the edge of the pond, they met a duck.



“Why, Cocky and Henny,” said Ducky, “good day!
Where are you running so fast away?”

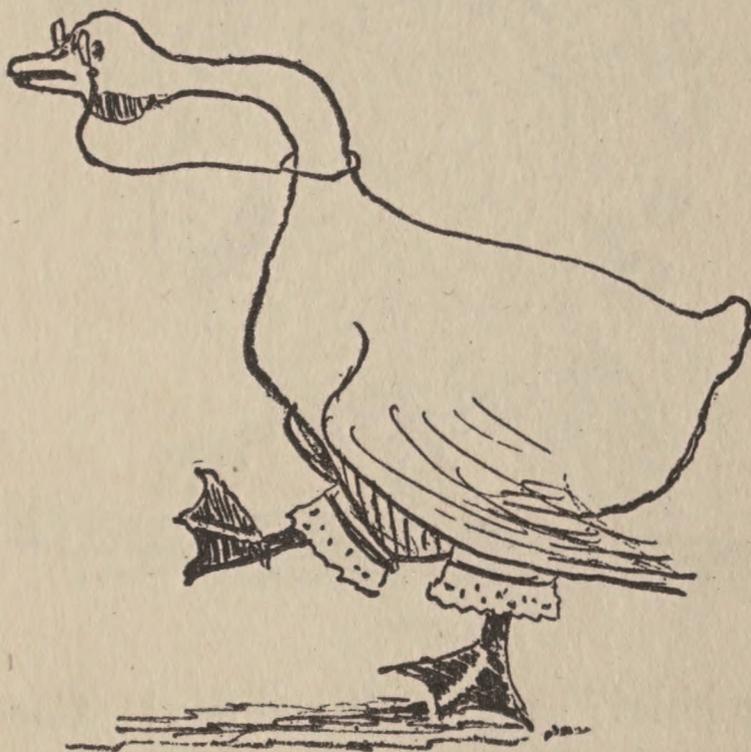
“O Ducky Lucky, the sky,” they said,
“Is falling down! Look out for your head!”

“We are off to the court to tell the King;
He will pay us well such news to bring.”

“Then I will go with you!” said the duck,
And she waddled quickly out of the muck.

So Ducky and Cocky and old Henny Pen
Ran till they met a gray goose in the fen.

“Ga! ga!” said the goose, “Good day! Good day!
Where are you running so fast away?”

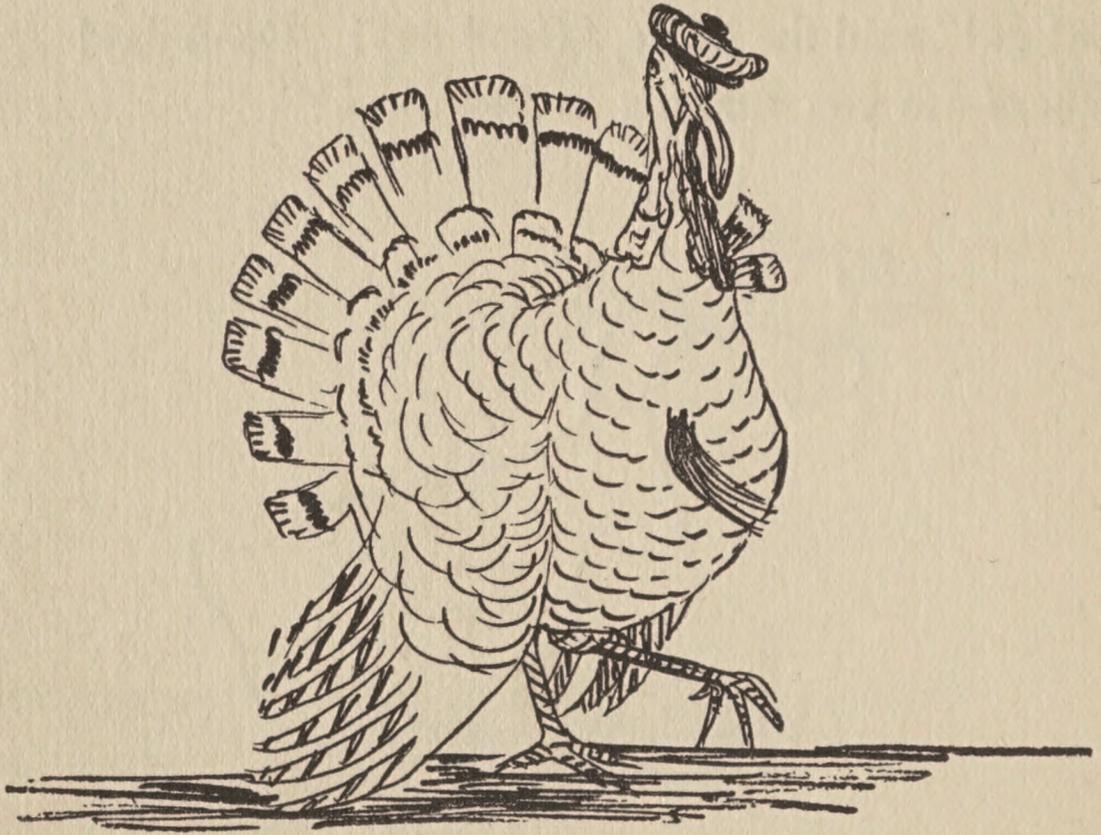


“O Goosey Poosey, the sky,” they said,
“Is falling down! Look out for your head!”

“We are off to the court to tell the King;
He will pay us well such news to bring.”

“Then I will go with you!” said Goosey in fright,
And she started to run with all her might.

So Goose Poose, Duck Luck, Cock Lock, and Hen Pen
Ran till a turkey they met in the glen.



“Gobble, gobble!” said he, “Good day! Good day!
Where are you running so fast away?”

“O Turkey Lurkey, the sky,” they said,
“Is falling down! Look out for your head!”

“We are off to the court to tell the King;
He will pay us well such news to bring.”

“Then I will go with you!” the turkey gobbled,
And after them all he hopped and hobbled.

So the turkey, the goose, the duck, cock, and hen
Ran till they met a sly fox near his den.

“Why, dear friends all,” said the fox, “good day!
Where are you running so fast away?”

“O Foxy Loxy, the sky,” they said,
“Is falling down! Look out for your head!”



“We are off to the court to tell the King;
He will pay us well such news to bring.”

“Then I will go with you!” said Foxy, “Pray,
My dear friends all, let me lead the way!”

So the fox led on with his “dear friends” in line,
Till he came to his hole at the foot of a pine.

Then after the sly one—right into his den—
Ran the turkey, the goose, the duck, cock, and hen.

And nothing has ever been heard since that day
Of how they all *fared* upon their way.

A SAD END.



LINES IN MEMORY OF HENNY PENNY

PEA stacks a-plenty still stand, they say,
In many a field by the King's highway.

And dry peas are falling with bump and thump,
And hitting poor fowls and making them jump.

The sky still hangs as it used to do,
Fleecy with clouds or bright and blue.

The King still holds his court, they say,
Just as he did that summer day.

But poor Henny Penny, alas! alack!
From her foolish journey will never come back.

So let a tear fall for Henny, I pray,
As you journey along the King's highway.

MR. VINEGAR

IN a vinegar bottle for a house,
(Did you ever hear tell in your life?)
Dwelt Mr. Vinegar, so they say,
With his dour little, sour little wife.

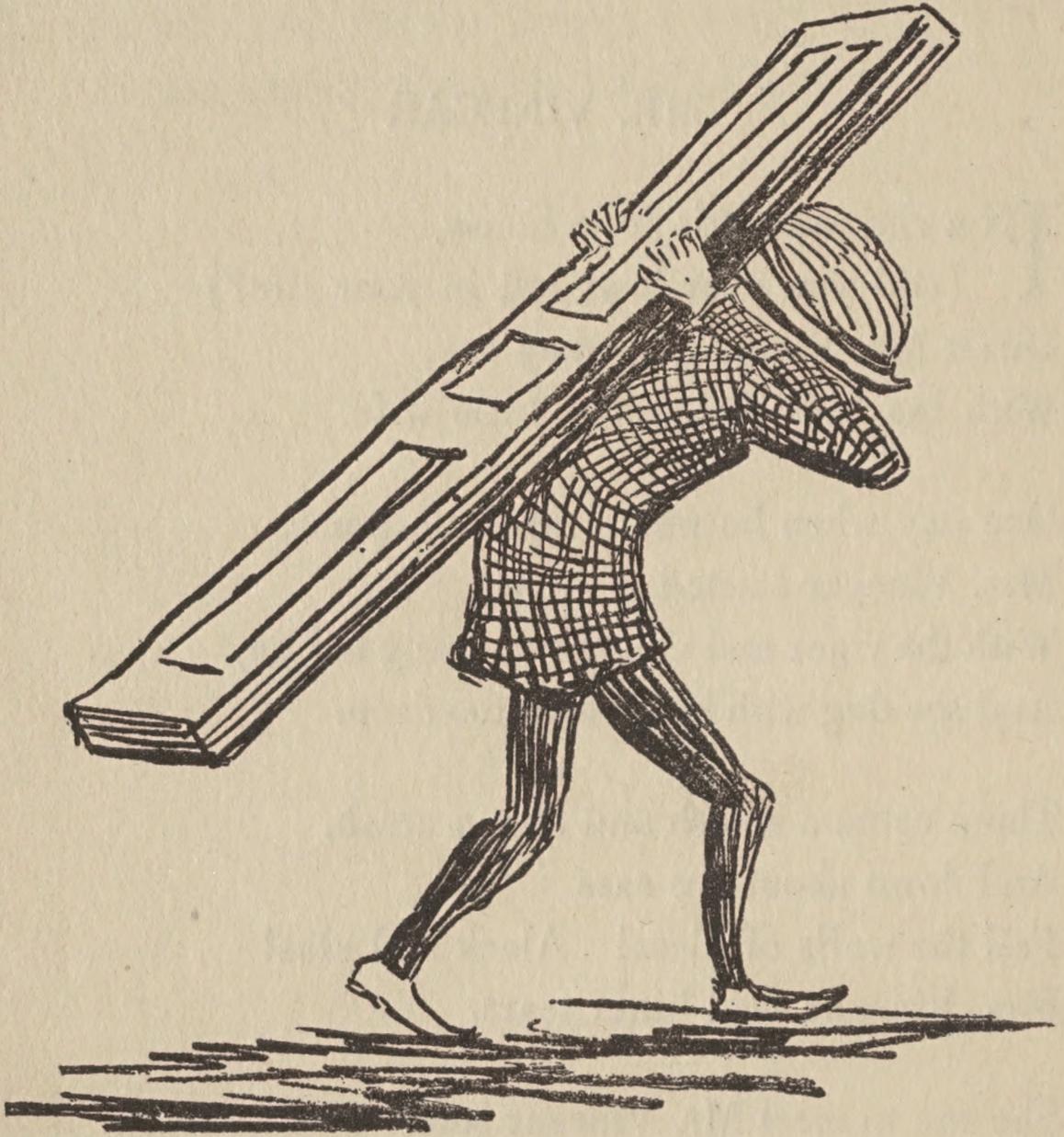
One day when he was away from home,
Mrs. Vinegar started to sweep
With the vigor and vim not pleasing to him,
And she dug with her broom too deep.

There came a smash and then a crash,
And down about her ears
Fell the walls of glass! Alack and alas!
Mrs. Vinegar shed bitter tears.

She ran to meet Mr. Vinegar soon
To tell him all her woe;
But he said with cheer, "Never mind, my dear,
We will a journey go."

So he took the house door upon his back,
And off they set on their way;

As soon as they could, they came to a wood,—
It was just at the close of day.



So weary indeed, Mr. Vinegar said,
“My dear, I will climb a tree
And drag up the door to serve as a floor,
And you can climb after me.”

Mrs. Vinegar, too, was quite worn out;
So, just as her husband said,
She climbed to a limb right after him;
And they slept on the door as a bed.

They were sleeping as sound as sound could be
In the middle of the night,
When, "That's a go!" said a loud voice below,
And they waked in a horrid fright.

A band of thieves, bloodthirsty and bold,
Had met in the wood by stealth,
Their booty to share and to plan with care
The spending of ill-gotten wealth.

"Here, Jack," said one, "here's five pounds for you!
And, Bill, here's your well earned ten!
But, Bob, we agree you get but three;
The others are better men!"

At that they fell into a fight
That soon became a brawl;
Mr. Vinegar's dear shook so with fear
She made the house door fall.

It struck the thieves on their wicked heads,
And they ran away like a shot;—

They must have thought their time had come;—
They are running still, like as not.



At dawn, Mr. Vinegar, quaking with dread,
Climbed down from the treetop cold,
And under the door he found a store
Of the thieves' ill-gotten gold.

“O Mrs. Vinegar, look!” he cried,
“Our fortune’s made this day!
See what I’ve found! Here’s forty pound,
And not a penny to pay.”

Mrs. Vinegar then sprang down from the tree
And danced for joy at the sight
Of the golden store, forty guineas and more,
Yellow and shining and bright.

“Now, old man,” said she, as she sat by the tree
A-combing her reddish hair,
“I will tell you just what you must do;
You shall buy a cow at the fair.

“Then I can make butter and cheese enough
For you to take out and sell
To keep us in meat with plenty to eat
And buy us a house as well.”

Of course, her husband agreed to the plan;
He tied in his wallet with care
Their forty guineas of yellow gold,
And set out at once for the fair.

When he got to the town, he walked up and down
Till he saw a good red cow,—

“She’s the very thing. How much will she bring?
I must strike a bargain now.”

He said to the owner, “What will you take,
My friend, for your good red cow?”

“Why, since we are friends,” said the man with a smile,
“I will take what you’ve got right now.”

So Mr. Vinegar, foolish wight,
Handed over his gold;
He led off the cow to show her off,
Not knowing that *he* had been sold.

As he walked up and down, he saw a man
With bagpipes, playing for fees;
He seemed to be making money enough
With his *tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee-dees*.

“That man with the bagpipes,” said Mr. V.
“Is the happiest man alive;
With all that money pouring in
One certainly could thrive.

“I must strike a bargain!” So he said,
“My friend, for those bagpipes, now,
Would you be willing to make a trade?
Will you swap for my good red cow?”

“Done!” said the man, “You’re a friend indeed;
I like this bargain well;
Just come my way another day
When you have a cow to sell.”

So Mr. Vinegar took the bagpipes
And blew with might and main;—
There came no *tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee-dee*,
They squawked as if in pain.

Instead of getting money enough,
He drew but a laugh for his pay,
With many a hoot and stones to boot
From bad boys along the way.

Soon his poor fingers grew very cold
From twiddling for *tweedle-dee-dee*;
The time was November,—a chilly month,
As you will all agree.

So, meeting a man who wore good gloves,
He said, “My friend, would you care
To part with your gloves in exchange for these pipes?
I’m in need of a good warm pair.”

“Why, yes,” said the man, “since you are a friend;”
(He spoke with a friendly grin.)

Mr. V. took the gloves in exchange for bagpipes,
And was himself taken in.

But he did not know it; so, putting them on,
He started off double quick;
And as he ran, he met a man
Who carried a good stout stick.

His hands were now warm, but he was spent;
So he said to the man, "My friend,
Will you take these gloves for that good stout stick?
They are all that I have to spend."

"To oblige a friend," said the man with the stick,
"I would hobble many a mile;
Here, take the stick, and I'll take the gloves."
(He had wanted them all the while.)

And Mr. Vinegar, limping along,
Helped by the friendly cane,
Thought in the trade that he had just made
His was the greater gain.

But when he came to that very wood
In which he had left Mrs. V.,
He heard his name and then, "For shame!"
From a parrot perched in a tree.

“Why, Mr. Vinegar, blockhead, fool!”
The parrot shrieked with mirth,
“What under the sun can you have done
With the sense you had at birth?”



“You gave your forty guineas in gold
For a cow that was not worth ten,
And so on with bagpipes and gloves and stick;
You haven't the sense of a hen!”

“Ha, ha! Ha, ha!” laughed the naughty bird;
And poor Mr. Vinegar knew,
As he hurled his cane at the parrot’s brain,
That what he had heard was true.

So, minus stick, gloves, bagpipes, cow,—
Not a guinea to give to his wife,—
He looked for her, knowing well he must look
For trouble the rest of his life.



She beat him well with a good stout stick
That she cut from a hedgerow green;
And when she was through, in an hour or two,
Mr. Vinegar felt pretty mean.

But he plucked up courage and said with a smile
To his dour little, sour little spouse,
“Come, come, my love! Let us look, my dove,
For a brand new bottle house.”

A SWEET END.

A SOMEWHAT SOUR SAYING

“Sweets to the sweet,” and *sours to the sour*.
Are sayings half true, you see.
A pretty pickle I call such a life
With Mrs. Vinegar for wife!
Do you, *my friend*, agree?



THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF AND THE TROLL

BESIDE a deep stream on a rocky bluff,
There lived one time three goats named Gruff.

Their *last* name was Gruff, a very good name;
Their *first* name was William, all the same.

Little Billy, though small, had a very large bleat
And was always calling for something to eat.

Big Billy was older and much more quiet
And could get along on a scantier diet.

Biggest Billy had horns of remarkable size
And being the oldest, of course he was wise.

They ate the grass that grew on the bluff
And were jolly and fat, the Billy Goats Gruff.

Hey, Billy! Ho, Billy!
Don't shake your horns
At me,
Billee!

Over the stream there stretched a bridge
That joined their bluff to the opposite ridge.

Below the bridge in a horrid hole,
All by himself, lived an ugly troll.

His hair was bushy, his mouth was wide
With teeth like rakes all crooked inside.

His eyes were huge and bulgy and round,
His nose was so long it trailed on the ground.

Gr-r-r! what a troll!
What an ugly troll!

One day they were grazing, the Billy Goats Gruff,
When Little Bill cried, "I can't get enough!

"There's plenty of grass on the other ridge,
Come on, let's go across the bridge!"

"Why, Billy," said Big Bill, "you know there's a troll
Living under that bridge in a horrid old hole.

"He will drag us all down there under the stones
And eat us for dinner, horns, body, and bones!"

Gr-r-r! What a troll!
What an ugly troll!

“Ho, ho! who’s afraid!” said Biggest Bill.

“Go on, Little Billy, and eat your fill.

“If that old troll should try to be rough,
Just tell him we’re coming, your Brothers Gruff!”

So, one by one, they left the ridge
And took the trail that led to the bridge.

They went single file; there was just room enough;
They had horns, you see, the Billy Goats Gruff.

Hey, Billy! Ho, Billy!
Don’t shake your horns
At me,
Billee!

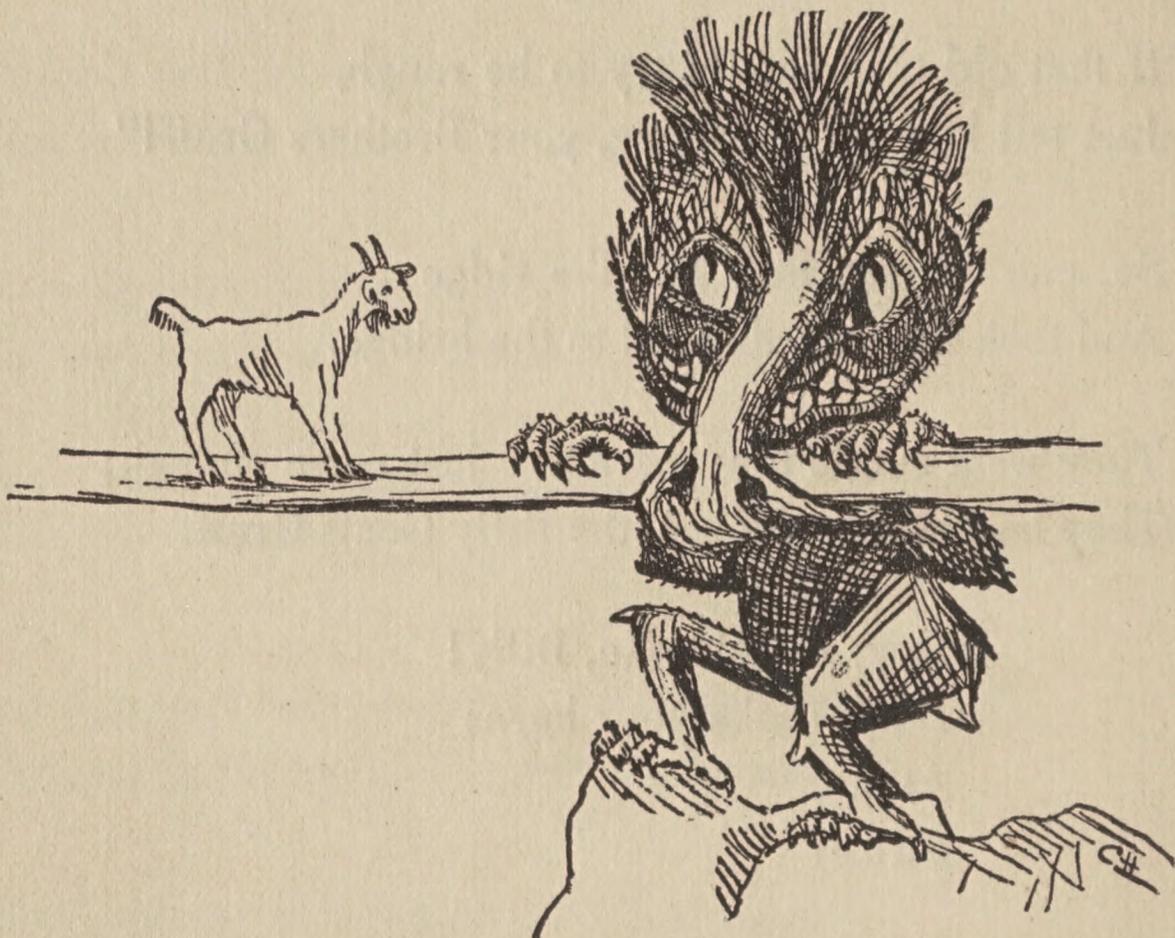
Trap, trap! on the bridge went Little Bill’s toes,
When over the edge there poked a long nose.

“Who’s crossing my bridge?” roared out the troll,
And he came *trolloping* out of his hole.

“It’s me,—Little Billy; I’m crossing the bridge
To eat the grass on the opposite ridge.”

“O no, you’re not!” said the troll with a *gl-up*,
“For I am coming to gobble you up!”

“Oh, don’t eat me!” said Little Bill Gruff.
“I am too little; you won’t have enough.



“Wait for my brother, Big Bill, just behind;
He is much larger and fatter you’ll find.”

“All right!” said the troll. “Be off with you then!”
And he *trolloped* back into his hole again.

Little Billy went on to the other side
Where green grass was growing far and wide.

TRIP, TROP on the bridge went Big Billy's toes,
And over the edge there poked a long nose.

"Who's crossing my bridge?" roared out the troll,
And he came *trolloping* out of his hole.

"It's me,—Big Billy; I'm crossing the bridge
To eat the grass on the opposite ridge."

"O no, you're not!" said the troll with a *gl-up*,
"For I am coming to gobble you up!"

"Oh, don't eat me!" said Big Billy Gruff.
"I am too thin; you won't have enough.

Wait for my brother, Biggest Bill, just behind;
He is much larger and fatter you'll find."

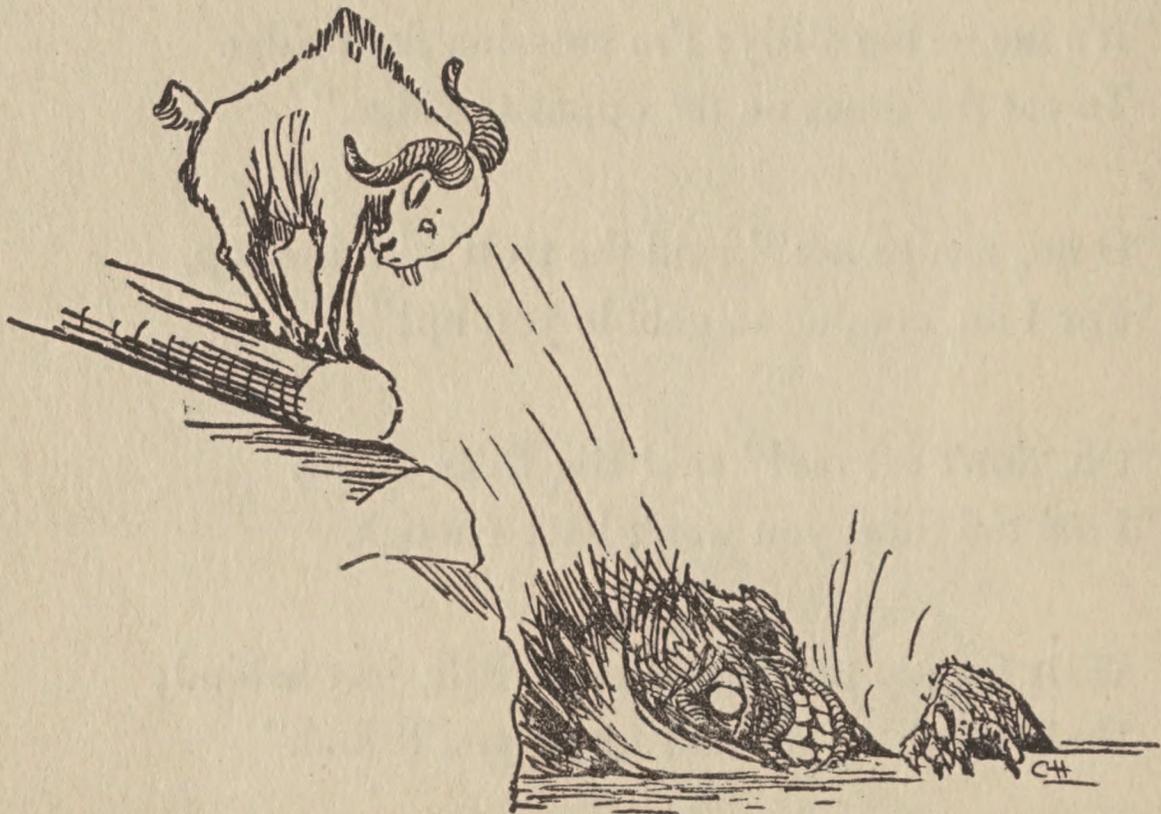
"All right!" said the troll. "Be off with you then!"
And he *trolloped* back into his hole again.

Big Billy went on to the other side
Where green grass was growing far and wide.

TROP, TROP on the bridge went Biggest Bill's toes,
And over the edge there poked a long nose.

“Who’s crossing my bridge?” roared out the troll,
And he came *trolloping* out of his hole.

“It’s me, Biggest Bill, and I’m crossing the bridge
To eat the grass on the opposite ridge.”



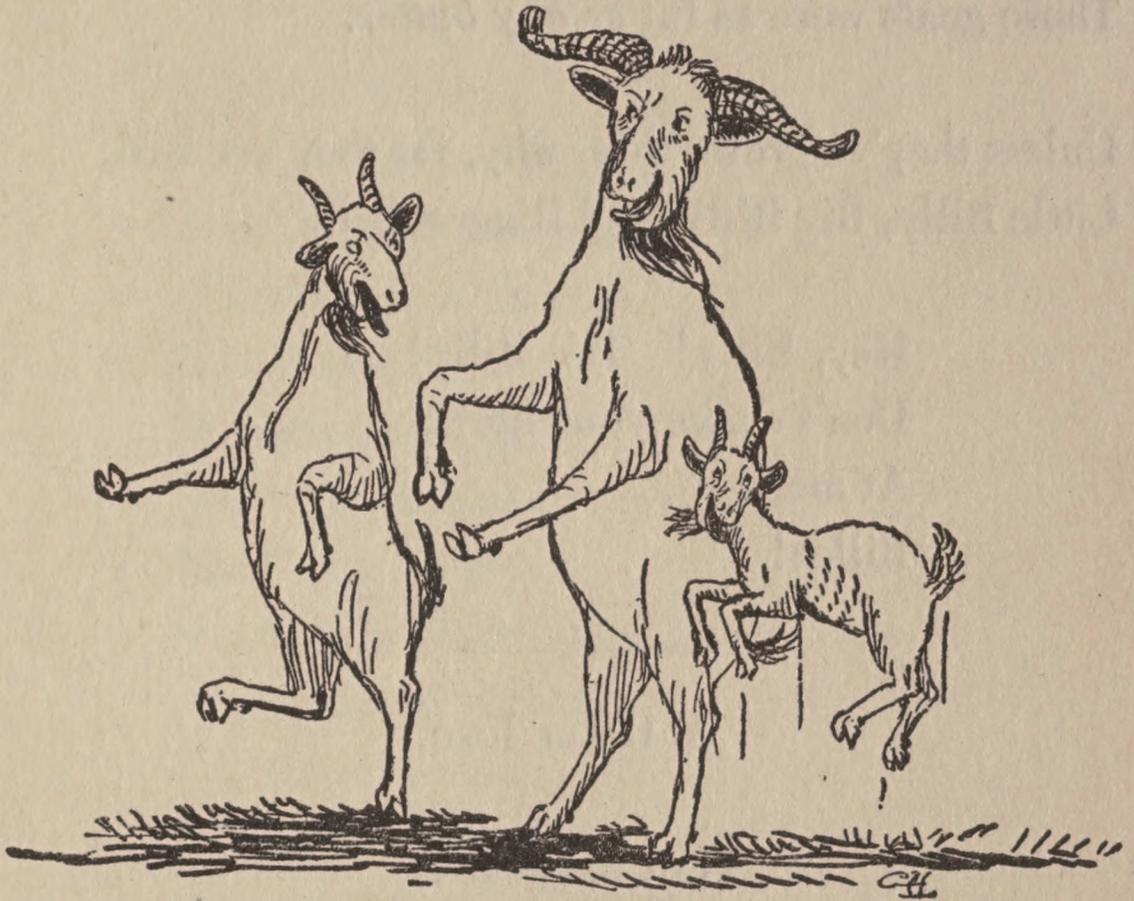
“O no, you’re not!” said the troll with a *gl-up*,
“For I am coming to gobble you up!”

“Oh, are you? Come on then!” said Biggest Bill Gruff.
“I think you may find me a trifle tough!”

The troll came *a-trolloping*, long nose a-quiver;
But Biggest Bill butted him into the river.

'And that was the end of the ugly troll;
He never came back to his horrid old hole.

Biggest Billy went on to the other side
Where green grass was growing far and wide.



And then the three Billy Goats *gleated with blee*,
For they were as glad as glad could be.

“Baa-ha! Baa-ha! Baa-ha-ha-ha!”
They made the hills echo with their *baa-ha*.

They ate the grass on the opposite bluff
Till *Little Billy* had had enough!

And then they set out for their very own ridge
But had no fear as they crossed the bridge.

Trop, trop! TROP, TROP! How the bridge boards
did mutter!

Those goats were as fat as *any butter*.

Unless they've grown thin, why, fat they are still,
Little Billy, Big Billy, and Biggest Bill.

Hey, Billy! Ho, Billy!
Don't shake your horns
At me,
Billee!

A GOOD END.

(For the goats.)

THE TROLL'S ELEGY

POOOR old troll!
He had no soul,
And he lived in a hole.
If he bumped his nose,
It hurt to his toes.
How his poor tummy
(He had no Mummy)
Must have ached
When he gobbled goats' bones
All mixed up with stones,
Not even baked!
He lived all alone,
And no one made moan
Or cried, "Achone!"
When with long nose a-quiver
He fell into the river.
How much better for him
Had he known how to swim!
If he had but floated,
He might later have boated
(One could easily do so)

To an isle in the sea,
And there lived famously
Like Robinson Crusoe.
But alas for him,
He could not swim!
So he had to end,
And never mend
His wicked troll ways
In after days.
Although he was bad,
His fate was so sad
That I would urge
You sing a dirge
For the troll!





JOHNNY-CAKE

A JOLLY old woman, and a jolly old man,
And a jolly little boy,—all three
Once lived together in a jolly little house,
As jolly as jolly could be.
The jolly old woman made a little Johnny-Cake,
And a funny little cake was he;
She put him in the oven to bake him good and brown
To eat for their Tuesday tea.
She said to her boy, her jolly little boy,
“Can you watch this cake for me
While Grandad and I go to work in the field?”

It is almost done, you see.”
“O yes, I can!” said the jolly little boy,
And he giggled, “Tee-hee-hee!
You’d better get back to your tea on time,
I may eat him up, you see!”



The jolly old woman went to work in the field
Along with her jolly old man,
And left her jolly little boy to watch
The Johnny-Cake bake in his pan.
The jolly little boy did watch for a spell,
Then he stopped to spin his top;
He hadn't been at it a minute or less
When the oven door opened—pop!

And out of his pan jumped the funny Johnny-Cake,—
You may guess he looked very droll,—
And end over end, like a funny circus clown,
He went across the floor with a roll.
Then the jolly little boy tried to shut the house door
But the Johnny-Cake beat him on the run;
“Come on!” said he, as he rolled along the road,
“I will show you some Johnny-Cake fun!”

The jolly little boy called out, as he ran,
To his two old jolly folk,
“Come help me catch this funny Johnny-Cake;
He has played us a Johnny-Cake joke!”



The jolly three ran at a jolly fast clip;
But the Johnny-Cake called with glee,
“You might as well stop, I’m a clipper Johnny-Cake
And I’m running away to sea!”
Then the jolly old woman, and the jolly old man,

And the jolly little boy,—all three
Sat down by the road and laughed till they cried
With their jolly *tee-hee-hee*.
But on down the road ran the funny Johnny-Cake
Till he came to a well being dug;
The two well diggers tried to stop him with their picks,
But he tore away with a tug.
The well diggers called, “Where away, Johnny-Cake?”
And he called back, as he ran,
“You can’t catch me; I’m a clipper Johnny-Cake,
If I am just out of the pan!
I’ve run away from a jolly old oven
And also a jolly old man,
His jolly old woman, and their jolly little boy,
And I can beat you, I can!”
“We’ll see about that!” the well diggers cried,
And they dug away in the race;
But Johnny-Cake called, as he ran out of sight,
“You might as well give up the chase!”
The worthy well diggers went back to their well
And laughed, as they took up their digging;
Said one to the other, “For a clipper Johnny-Cake,
He wears but little rigging!”
But on down the road ran the funny Johnny-Cake
Till he came to a ditch being dug;
The two ditch diggers tried to stop him with their
spades,



But he tore away with a tug.
The ditch diggers called, "Where away, Johnny-Cake?"
And he called back, as he ran,
"You can't catch me, I'm a clipper Johnny-Cake,
And I've beaten one old man,
And his jolly old wife and their jolly little boy
And two well diggers as well;
You may run till dark, but you can't catch me!"
Said the two ditch diggers, "*Dew* tell!"
And they dropped their spades and dug away
Right after that funny Johnny-Cake,

But he called back, as he ran out of sight,
"You see I'm a much better make!"
Then the ditch diggers, too, went back to their ditch
And laughed till their fat sides ached;
Said one to the other, as they took up their spades,
"That Johnny-Cake is more than half-baked!"

But on down the road ran the funny Johnny-Cake
Till he met a big black bear;
"Where away? Where away, you funny Johnny-Cake?
What makes you in such a tear?"
And Johnny-Cake answered the bear with a laugh,
As he just escaped from a hug,
"You can't catch me, I'm a clipper Johnny-Cake!
Did you take me for a tug?
I've run away from a jolly old oven
And also a jolly old pan,
A jolly old woman, her jolly little boy,
And a very jolly little old man,
From two well diggers and two ditch diggers,
And I can beat you, I can!"
You should have seen that funny Johnny-Cake
And the big black bear, as they ran;
They both of them ran with a sailor's roll
And both ran *clippety-clip*,
But the Johnny-Cake called as he rolled out of sight,
"You might as well give up this trip!"
And the old bear growled, as he sat down to rest

At the foot of an old bee tree,
“Gr-r-r! let him roll, that tough Johnny-Cake;
He’s not baked enough for me!”

But on down the road ran the funny Johnny-Cake
Till he came to a wolf near a wood;
And the wolf called out with a “huff and a puff,”
“Come here, let me see if you’re good!”
But Johnny-Cake laughed out just as before,
And called looking back, as he ran,
“You can’t catch me, I’m a clipper Johnny-Cake
And I’ve beaten one old man
And his jolly old woman and their jolly little boy
And two well diggers as well,
And two ditch diggers and an old black bear,
And I can beat you pell-mell!”
“Oh, can you? Can you?” said the wolf
And he set off in the race;
But Johnny-Cake called, as he rolled out of sight,
“You can’t keep up that pace!”
And soon the old wolf sat down by a brook
To cool his tired paws,
And said, “That Johnny-Cake’s done too brown,
Yaow!” and he snapped his jaws.

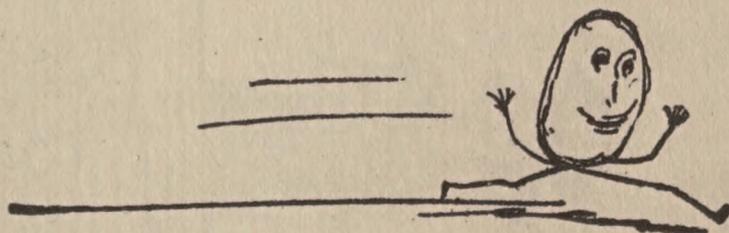
But on down the road ran the funny Johnny-Cake
Till he came to a fox near his den;
And the sly fox called, “Where away, Johnny-Cake?”

Why not stop right here in my glen?"
 "Aha! aha!" laughed the funny Johnny-Cake,
 "I left my old oven and pan,
 The jolly old woman and her jolly little boy
 And her very jolly little old man,
 And two well diggers and two ditch diggers,
 And a bear and a wolf on the run;
 Just you come along with me," said the funny Johnny-
 Cake,
 "And I'll show you some Johnny-Cake fun!"
 "What's that? What's that?" said the sly old fox,
 "Speak loud, I'm a trifle deaf,
 And come near enough for me to test your make,—
 You know I'm a rare French *chef!*"
 "Oh, I'm all right!" said the funny Johnny-Cake;
 And he ran close up to the fox,
 And yelled in his ear so the deafest could hear,
 As he gave him a Johnny-Cake box,—
 "OH, I'M THE MOST WONDERFUL JOHNNY-CAKE!
 I LEFT MY OLD OVEN AND PAN,
 THE JOLLY OLD WOMAN AND HER JOLLY LIT-
 TLE BOY,
 AND HER VERY JOLLY LITTLE OLD MAN,
 AND TWO WELL DIGGERS AND TWO DITCH DIG-
 GERS,
 AND A BEAR AND A WOLF ON THE RUN!
 I'M JUST AS GOOD AS A FRENCH JOHNNY-
 CAKE,—

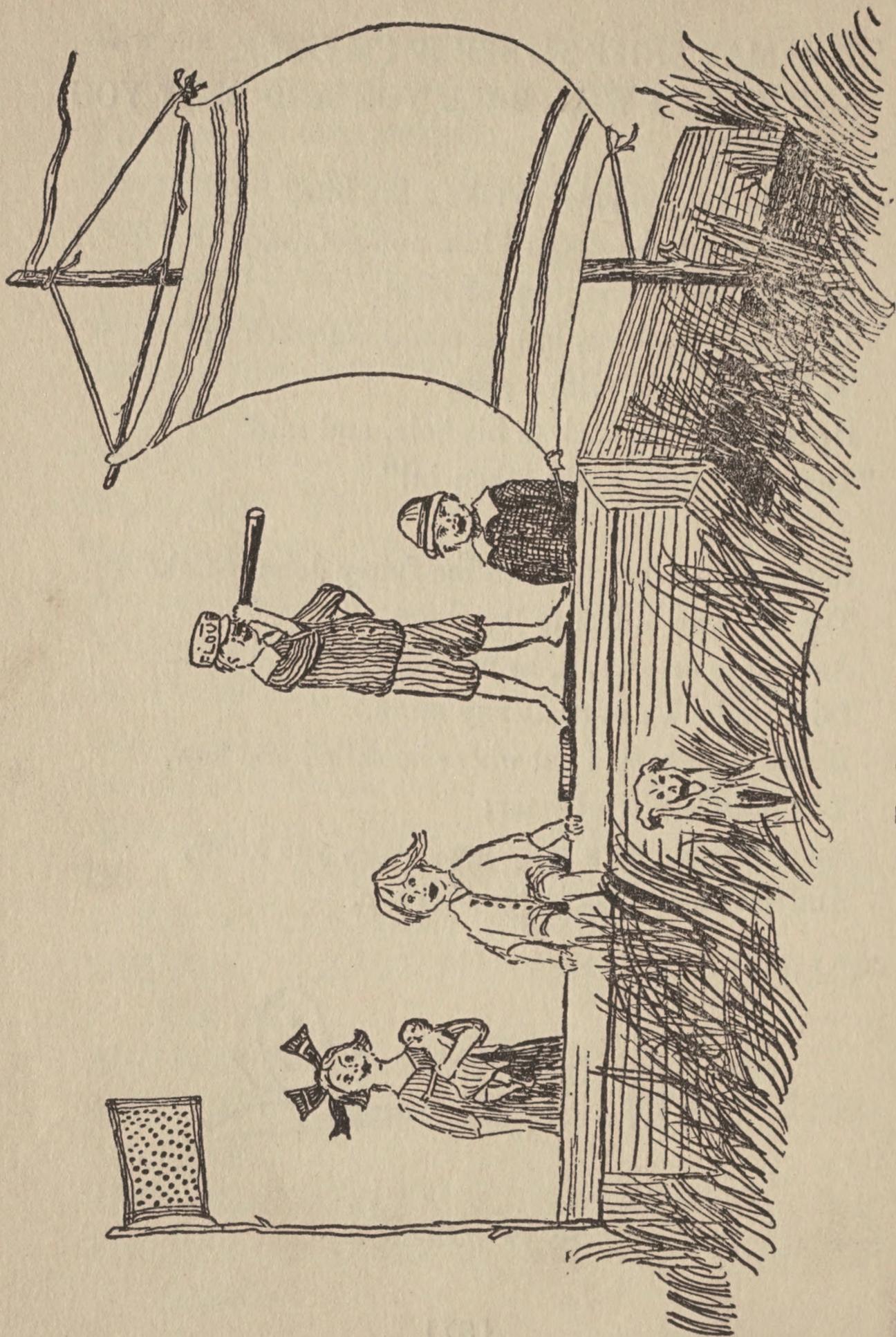
YOU MAY SNIFF TO SEE IF I'M DONE,
AND THEN I WILL RACE YOU AND BEAT YOU
TOO!"

Here the fox snapped to take a big bite,
But Johnny-Cake dodged him and got away
And ran like a shot, out of sight.
The fox gave chase, but he could not catch up,
So after a while, with a grin,
He turned to go back to his hole, and said,
"That's the time *I* was taken in!"

But on down the road ran the funny Johnny-Cake
Till he came at last to the shore,
And there he set sail, as he said he would do,—
Dear me! I can't tell any more.
If you want to find out where he sailed and how,
You must ask a jolly tar;
He will spin you a jolly good yarn, you know,
And tell you things *just as they are*.

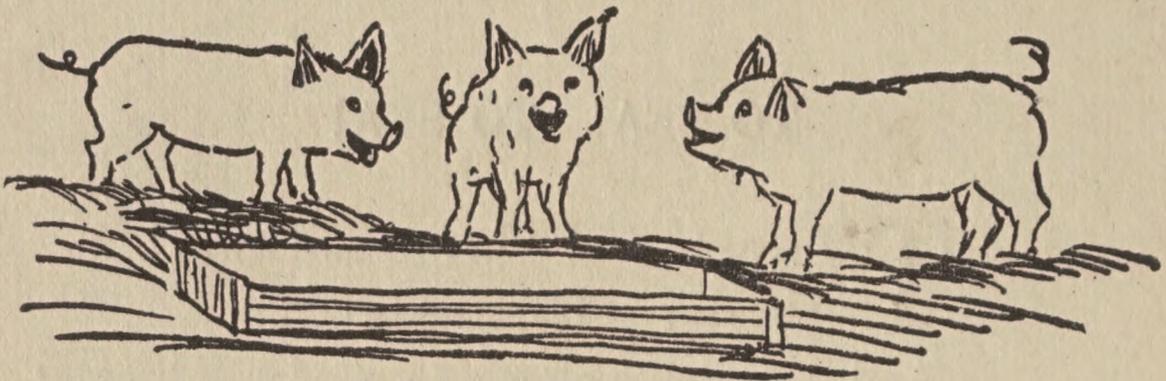


END OF THIS YARN.



TO SEA! TO SEA!

TO sea, to sea! Let us sail away!
The day is fair and bright,
And the wind is blowing a good stiff breeze;
Ho, the waves are topped with white!
The sea is blue and the sky is blue;
Up sail! Push off from the sand!
This is a day for ocean play,
Let us waste no time on land!
Let us sail away where the *Bong trees* grow,
Or to Robinson Crusoe's isle,
To the very North Pole, or to No Man's Land,
Only sail a good long while!
We may see Johnny-Cake on a ship,
And hear him shout, "Ahoy!"
Oh, this is a day when it's fun to play
At being a sailor boy!



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS AND THE WOLF

THREE little pigs, all crying for swill
By an empty trough one day,
Begged their mother to get them some food,
As she helpless and dying lay.

“I cannot feed you more,” she said,
“Each one of you now must try
His fortune to seek in the wide, wide world;
Good-by, dear Piggies, good-by.”

“Beware of the wolf and use good sense,”
She said, as they left the sty.
“*Oui, oui! Mamman!*” said the pigs in French,
“We all of us will try.”

Now two of the pigs had very poor sense,
As you will soon agree;
But the youngest of all was witty and wise,—
He really had wit for three.

The first little pig met a man with straw
And asked for it then and there;
“I want to build me a house,” he said;
“A straw house is surely rare.”

The man gave the straw and went his way,
And the pig built his house on the spot;
Though small, it was really neat and nice
And looked like a *comfy* cot.



But that very night the wolf came along
And rapped on the straw house door.

“Who’s there?” asked the pig from his snug little bed.
“Don’t pound like that any more!”

“Let me in; I’m the wolf, and I’m hungry and cold!”
Said the wolf with a wolfish grin.

“*Non, non!*” said the pig in very good French,
“I really can’t let you in.”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house
down,”

Said the wolf. “It’s a weak little rig!”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house down
And ate up the first little pig.

The second pig met a man with sticks
And asked for them then and there;
“I want to build me a house,” he said;
“A house of sticks is fair.”



The man gave the sticks and went his way,
And the pig built the house on the spot;
Though small, it was really neat and nice
And looked like a comfy cot.

But that very night the wolf came along
And rapped at the stick house door.

“Who’s there?” asked the pig from his snug little bed.

“Don’t pound like that any more!”

“Let me in; I’m the wolf, and I’m hungry and cold!”

Said the wolf with a wolfish grin.

“*Non, non!*” said the pig in very good French,

“I really can’t let you in!”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house
down!”

Said the wolf. “It’s a weak little rig!”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house down
And ate up *that* little pig.

The third little pig met a man with bricks

And asked for them then and there;

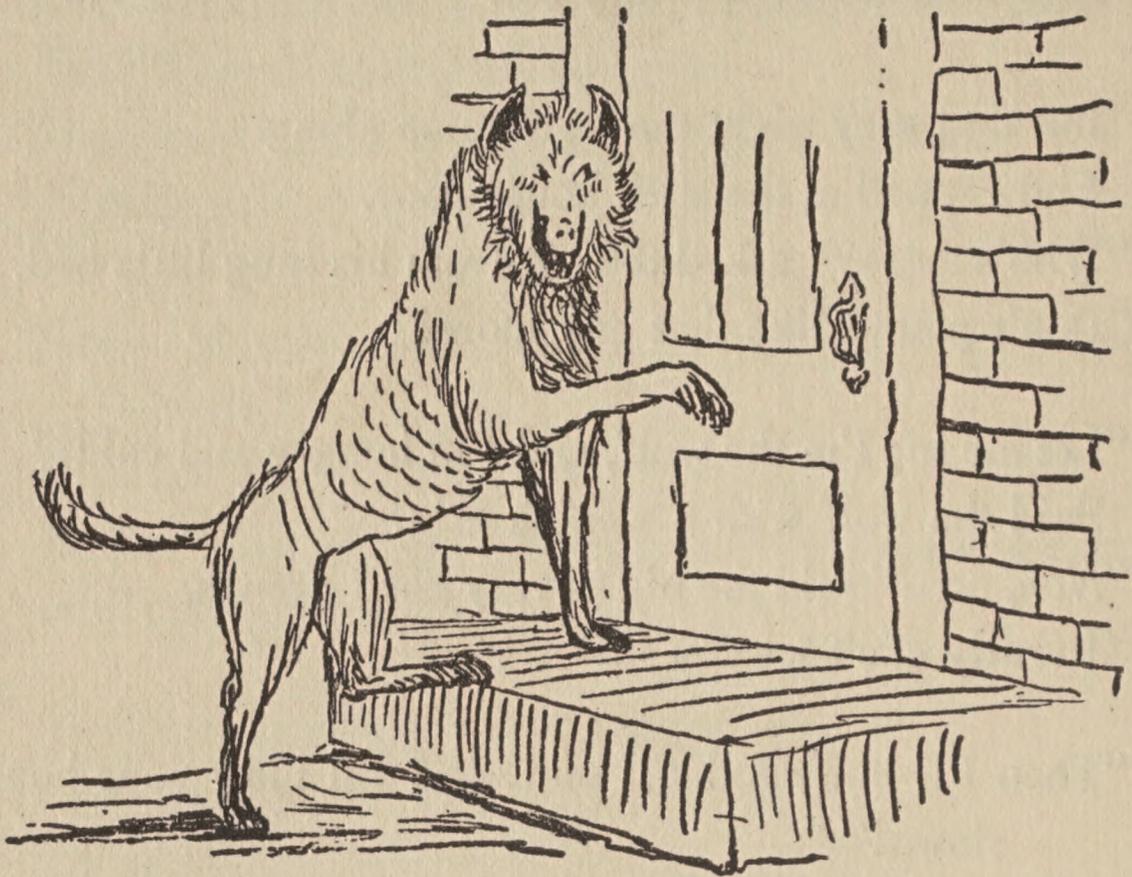
“I want to build me a house,” he said;

“It must be strong and square.”

The man gave the bricks and went his way,

And the pig built his house on the spot;

Though small, it was square and very strong,
Truly a common sense cot.



And that very night the wolf came along
And rapped at the brick house door.
“Who’s there?” asked the pig from his snug little bed.
“Don’t pound like that any more!”

“Let me in; I’m the wolf, and I’m hungry and cold!”
Said the wolf with a wolfish grin.
“I will not let you in,” said the pig with a grunt,
“By the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house
down!”

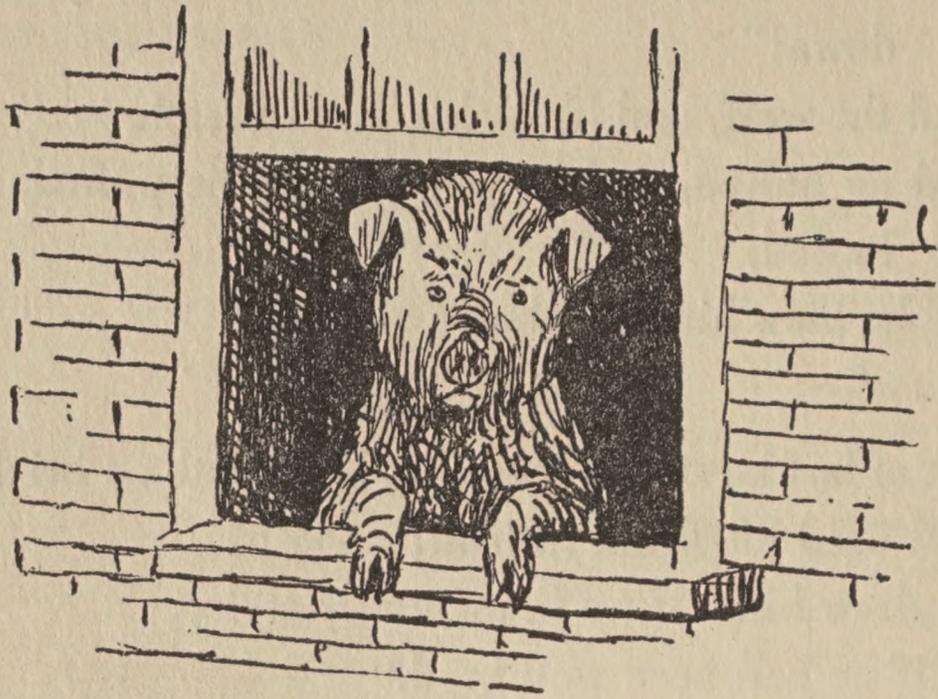
Said the wolf, and he took a great breath,—
And he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he
huffed,
Till he blew himself almost to death.

But at last he stopped wasting his breath on bricks
And used his brain instead;
He drew himself up in mannerly style,
As if he had been well bred.

“Little Pig,” said he in a tone polite,
“I know where fine turnips grow;
I will take you to get some to-morrow at six,
If you would like to go.”

“Many thanks!” said the pig, but he said it in French,
“*Monsieur, merci beaucoup!*”
And then he said, snuggling down in his bed,
“*Bon soir, Monsieur Le Loup!*”

Next morning at five the little pig rose
And went to the turnip patch;
By six he was back and safe in his house
When the old wolf rattled the latch.



“Little Pig! Little Pig! are you ready?” said he.

“*Moi? moi?*” said the pig, “Why, I’m back.

I went to the turnip field long ago

And fetched a mess home in a sack.”

The wolf was angry enough at this;

But he said through his teeth with a grin,

“You’re an early riser, Little Pig;

I fear that you will grow thin.

“To-morrow at five should you like to go

To Merry Garden with me

To get some sweet apples? I can take you

To a very fine apple tree.”

“Many thanks!” said the pig, but he said it in French,
“*Monsieur, merci beaucoup!*”

And then he said, speaking up in his head,
“*Bon jour, Monsieur Le Loup!*”

Next morning at four, the little pig rose
And found the apple tree;
It was full of apples, and he climbed up,
For a nimble pig was he.

He had filled his sack and was climbing down,
When he nearly fell from fright,
For there was the wolf almost under the tree
With jaws open, ready to bite.



“You are early again!” said the wolf through his teeth.
“Are the apples good as I said?”
“*Oui, oui, Monsieur!*” said the pig in French,
“Here’s a good one! Look out for your head!”

The pig threw the apple far afield,
And the wolf ran to fetch it back;
But while he was gone, the little pig made
Good speed on his homeward track.

And he was safe and snug in his house,
When the wolf came along next day
And said, "Little Pig, come to Shanklin Fair
This afternoon, I pray!"

"What time are you going?" the little pig asked.

"At three I will call for you!"

Said the wolf. And the pig replied in good French,
"*Tres bien, Monsieur Le Loup!*"

The little pig went to the fair at two
And bought him a butter churn,
And on the way home he saw the wolf
Just coming around the turn.

He was scared, but he got inside the churn
And shut the cover tight,
And rolled it down hill a-bumpetty-bump
And gave the wolf a fright.

He took to his heels to get safe home;
And next day he said to the pig,
"I was coming for you when at the turn
I met a frightful rig!"

“It was round and it rolled a-bumpetty-bump!”

“Aha!” laughed the pig, “was that you?
It was only a churn and I was inside,
Moi! moi! Monsieur Le Loup!”

Then the wolf was angry sure enough,
And he climbed to the chimney top
And said, “I will eat you yet, Little Pig!”
And then he let himself drop!

But the pig had made up a blazing fire
And hung on the biggest pot;
He heard the wolf coming, and took off the lid;—
The water was boiling hot!

The wolf fell in and was boiled to bits,
Which I think served him right. Don't you?
And Little Pig ate him for supper that night.
“Bon soir! Monsieur Le Loup!”

A GOOD END.

PRECEPTS LEARNED FROM THE LITTLE PIG
TALE



IN the building of houses
Be at some pains,
Whatever else offers,
To build them with brains.



And if the Old Wolf
Is heard at the door,
Use common sense then,
If you haven't before.



When the wicked one tries
To get you in his power,
'Tis better to beat him
By fully an hour.

And if any poor body
Must go to pot,
Let it be the Old Wolf,
And the water hot!

THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE FOX

IN a neat little house in a green little glen,
All by herself, lived a little red hen.



She was tidy and quick, and kept her house clean;
A better hen housekeeper never was seen.

She could sweep and bake and sew and dust,
And do all the work that a housekeeper must.

She was happier, too, than hens in a pen,
And jolly and plump, the Little Red Hen.

Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
Here's wishing her luck!



Far away through the woods, in a den made of rocks,
With his wicked old mother there lived a sly fox.

Their rock den was horrid, all smoke and all smother;
A bad housekeeper was the Old Fox Mother.

She was not a good cook, but now and then
She could make out to boil a hen;

And fresh hen, boiled, was their daily wish;
It was indeed their favorite dish.

“Yap, yap, yap! Yap, yap!”
Hear the foxes snap!

Now, the Young Fox had seen the Little Red Hen,
As he sneaked by her house in the green little glen.

He had often thought that she would be nice,
Boiled and buttered and dished up with rice.

So he laid his plans one summer day
To have her for dinner just that way.

He said to his mother, “I’m off to the glen
To try my luck with the Little Red Hen.

“Keep the pot boiling; I’ll get back soon,
And I want my dinner promptly at noon.”

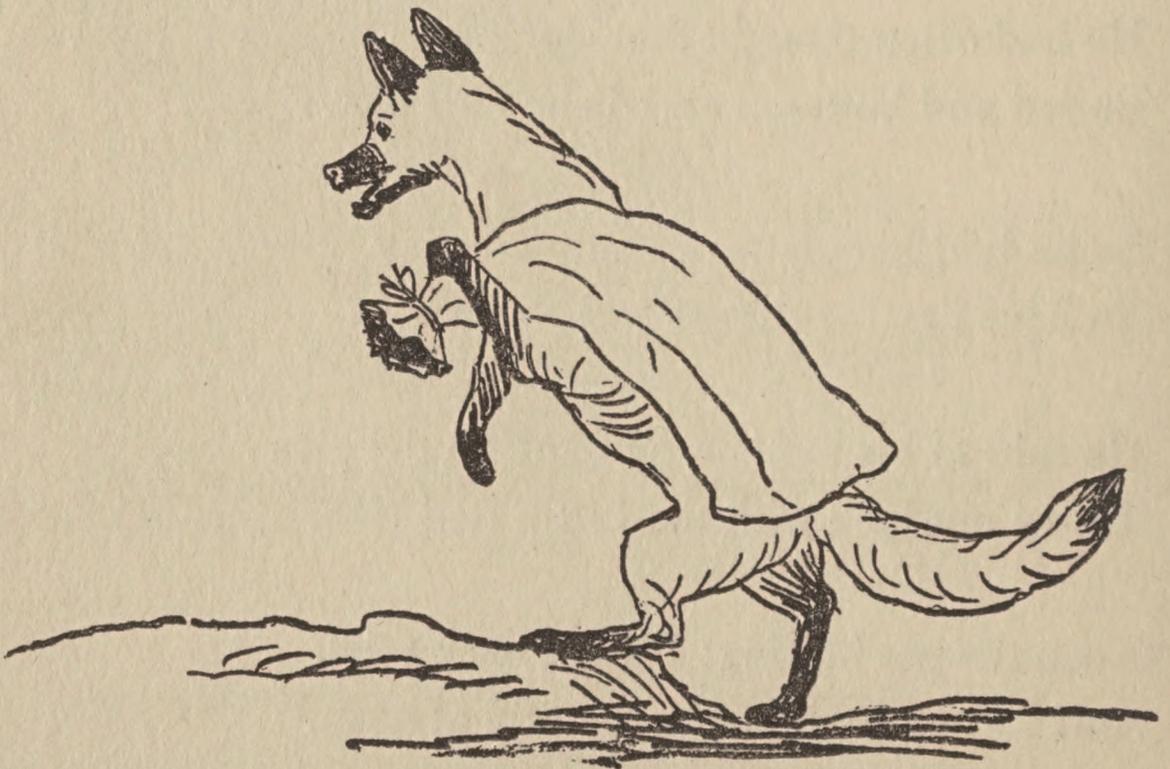
“Yap, yap, yap! Yap, yap!”
Hear the Old Fox snap!

From a peg on the wall the Young Fox took a sack
And slung it quite empty over his back.

It was tied with a string and was very stout,—
If a hen got inside, she could not get out.

Oh, many and many and many a hen
Had tried in vain to get out again.

Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
What very bad luck!



The Young Fox set out with this bag on his back
And ran through the woods by his own sly track.

He made no noise with his padded paws,
But now and then he licked his jaws.

He thought of gizzard and drumsticks and wings,
Of rice and rich gravy and other good things.

Sometimes he shut his jaws with a snap
To keep from making a loud joyful *yap*.

Yap, yap, yap! Yap, yap!
Shut your jaws with a snap!

As the Fox struck the path that led into the glen,
He sniffed with his nose, for he could smell hen.

And he crept very softly along by the brook,
Till out through the bushes he got a good look.

And there, sure enough, with her door left a-latch
Was the Little Red Hen in her garden patch.

She was picking sweet corn and clucking a song;
She did not hear sly feet creeping along.

Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
Here's wishing her luck!

The Fox with his bag crawled under the gate
And close by the doorstep lay in wait.

He might have caught the Hen with one leap,
When she turned to go to the old well sweep.

But he thought it would be more crafty and wise
To wait for a bit and be sure of his prize.

So while she drew water,—as still as a mouse,
He went up the steps and into the house.

There with his bag he crouched on the floor,
Well hid behind the half-open door.

Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
I wonder what luck!

The Fox had not waited so very long
When he heard the *cluck* of the Little Hen's song.

Up the steps she hopped with basket and pail,
And all but trod on the Fox's tail.

He sprang out at her with, "Yap, yap, yap!"
And his two wicked jaws he shut with a snap.

But they missed the Hen by a feather or two,
And with a wild, "Squawk, squawk!" away she flew.



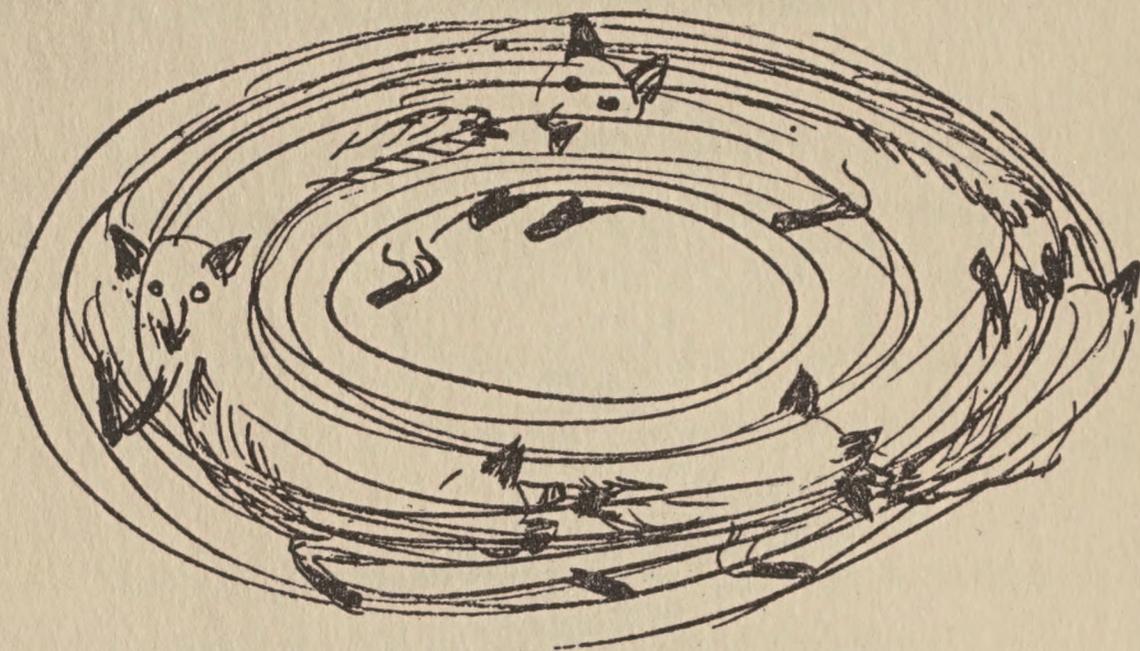
She perched on a beam high over his head,
Safe out of reach but shivering with dread.

"Yap, yap, yap! Yap, yap!"
How that Fox did snap!

But soon with a snarl he sat down to think,
And he made a good plan as quick as a wink.

He said to himself, "If I race around,
The Hen will get dizzy and fall to the ground."

So he chased his tail, as you've seen kittens do,
And all of his wicked plans came true.



Round and round and round he tore,
Till the Hen grew dizzy and fell to the floor.

Before she could squawk, she was inside the sack,
Tied up with a string, on the Fox's back.

And away they went up out of the glen,
The Wicked Young Fox and the Little Red Hen.

"Squawk! Squawk, squawk!
O mercy! O lawk!"

"Yap, yap, yap! Yap, yap!
Keep still in my trap!"

When the Fox with his prize struck his own sly trail,
He found that his breath was beginning to fail.

He was tired from running and thought it best
To lie in the shade and take a rest.

He threw his bag down on a heap of stones,
And then he stretched his lazy bones.

He yawned and gave a sleepy *y-ap*,
And in a minute was having a nap.

Y-ap! Y-ap! Y-ap!
I'd like a good nap!

When the bag struck the stones, it stunned the Hen,
But soon she came to her senses again.

She pecked and clawed and tried to get out,
But all in vain; the bag was too stout.

She did not squawk more but used her mind,
A very good plan, as you will find.

It was mending day, and a torn frock
Had kept her busy since seven o'clock.

She had not changed her apron and pinner
Just while getting the corn for dinner.

Her good luck then was right on the docket
With sewing things still in her apron pocket.

She out with her scissors, and *snip, snip, snip*
Cut a hole in the bag, through which she could slip.

It was pretty hard work, for the sack was stout,—
But in three or four minutes she was out.

“Y-ap! Y-ap! Y-ap!”
Yawned the Fox in his nap.



But the Hen did not start or run away;
She knew better than that, I am glad to say.

Into the sack went some stones in her stead,
And the hole was mended with sack colored thread.

Then while the Young Fox snored loud as he slept,
Back up the glen path the Little Hen crept.

Over the brook and the bushes she flew
Without stopping to rest or even say *whew!*

There came a good ending at last to her flight
When she had her own house door locked good and
tight.

Very soon she was putting the corn on to steam,
And all her long fright seemed just a bad dream.

Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
What very good luck!

In the mean time, the Fox waked up from his nap,
Gave a good long stretch and a sleepy *y-ap*.

Then he picked up his bag and said with glee,
"What a good fat hen this Hen must be!"

“I think she weighs a great deal more
Than any I ever caught before.”

So he ran and ran to his home in the rocks,
And there in the door was the Old Mother Fox.

“Yap, yap, yap! Yap, yap!”
Hear the Old Fox snap!

“Well, my son,” said she, “did you get the Red Hen?”

“Yes, I did,” said he, as he entered the den.

“Is the water boiling?” “O yes,” said she,
“It’s just as hot as it can be!”

“She’s a good fat hen!” said her son with a grin,
“Take off the pot lid and I’ll throw her in.”

So the wicked Old Fox did just as he said,
And her son raised the sack high over his head.

“Yap, yap, yap! Yap, yap!”
Hear the Young Fox snap!

He had untied the string, and of course with a crash,
In fell the stones and made a great splash!

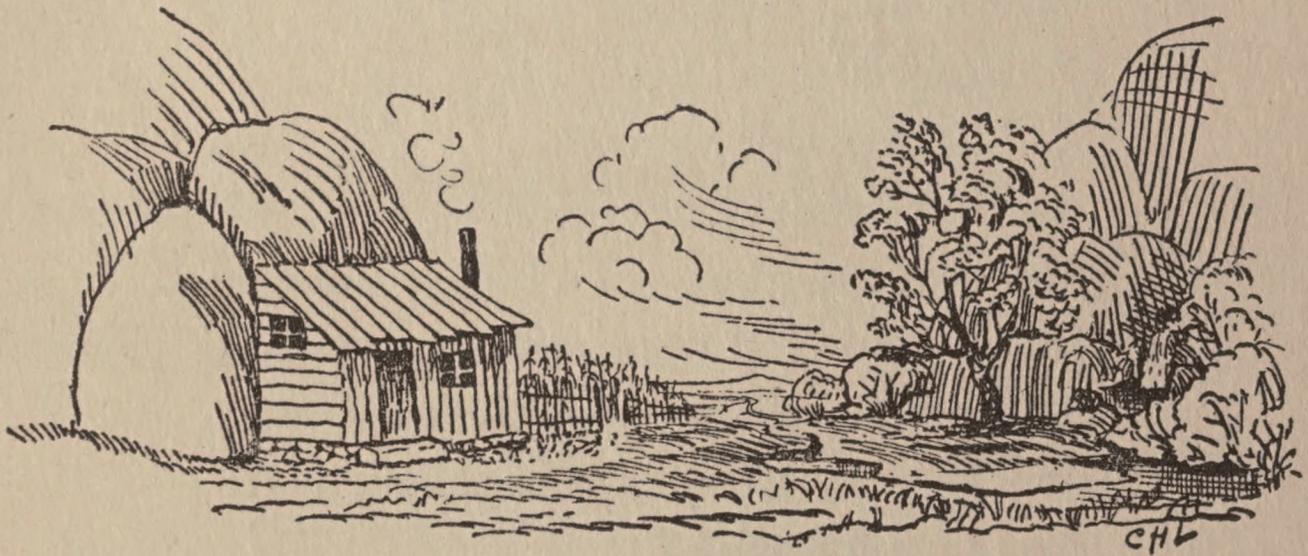
The hot water flew out and scalded them dead,
And so of the Foxes no more need be said.

But happy and safe lives the Little Red Hen
In her snug little house in the green little glen.

She works and sings, and so she lives long;
I should like to hear her clucking her song.

“Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!”
Here’s wishing her luck!

A GOOD END.



O FOR A HOUSE IN THE GREEN LITTLE GLEN!

O FOR a house in the green little glen,
Near to the house of the Little Red Hen!
And a garden with corn
To dig in at morn!
And a well dark and deep,
The better to keep
The milk jug cool
In its shiny pool!
And the pebbly brook near,
Singing sweetly and clear,—
With a soft, sandy spot
To wade when it's hot!
And bushes with berries!
And trees full of cherries!
And pots and pans, and a broom and a mop!
(It must be a real house with an attic atop,
And a cellar below with shelves and bins,
And a pantry all shiny with baking tins!)
And a cuckoo clock!
And a trunk with a lock!
And all my own things!

Oh, if I had wings,
I would fly far away to the green little glen
And build me a house next the Little Red Hen!



THE VERY END OF THE BOOK.





TALES and TAGS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020882451

Rhymes by A.L.L. Drawings by C.H.L.

